Vol. CXXXIX. No. 3611.

"Fit-TripleX"-and be safe Vauxhall da

THE BYSTANDER August 31, 1938.

The BYSTANDER

Holiday Snapshots—Home and Abroad

Stage : Films : Sport : Story

1/-

The Aristocrat of Liqueurs

Drambuie

THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO., LTD.
12, YORK PLACE, EDINBURGH.

NOW DEAF EARS CAN HEAR AGAIN

Simply and Inconspicuously as Nature intended!

The latest discovery by the "Ardente" Scientists gives True-to-Tone Hearing to sufferers from the isolating handicap of deafness, even the so-called 'STONE' DEAF.

Whether young, middle-aged or old, rich or poor, using an aid or not—you must try this new "Ardente" way to Better Hearing

NOTHING IN or ON the EARS.

A wonderful boon for Church, Radio, Talkies, Business, Sports Shopping (street safety) and the whole world of sound.

CALL FOR FREE TEST, or write for details. Medical Reports and a FREE TEST in your own HOME.

R. H. DENT, M. Inst. P. I., 309, Oxford St., LONDON, W.1

(Opposite JOHN LEWIS'). Mayfair 1380/1718/0947.

Permanent Ardente Ltd. Service Bureaux for your convenience at *Birmingham, Bristol, Cardiff, Exeter, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Leicester, Leeds, Liverpool, London, Manchester, Newcastle, Southampton.*

BOLLINGER

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE LATE KING GEORGE V.

CHAMPAGNE

1929 VINTAGE and SPECIAL CUVÉE.

"Veebex" LEATHER

Ask your usual dealer for shoes made with Veebex Leather uppers and look for the Veebex label on every pair

WM. PAUL LTD. OAK TANNERY · LEEDS

puts Style plus comfort into Golf and Walking Shoes

Grant's Scotch Whisky

"FAMOUS FOR HALF A CENTURY"

FOR INDIGESTION AND STOMACH TROUBLES...

Drink it at meals and during the day

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

The world-renowned NATURAL Mineral Water

OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED.

CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION LTD.

83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.

PRICE ONE SHILLING : By Inland Post 1s. 1½d. OFFICES—LONDON : 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4. PARIS : 65-67, Avenue des Champs-Elysées, Paris viii. Regd. at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

AMUSEMENTS

COLISEUM. (Temple Bar 3161). 6.25 & 9. Mats. Sats. 2.30. Mon. Aug. 29th. GENE GERRARD, BOBBIE COMBER & Billie Hill; Maurice & Maryea; Ken "Snakehips" Johnson & His Swing Orchestra; Cliff Cook; Denny & Curtis; Donald Peers; Rupert Hazell, &c. Comerford Irish Dancers.

ENGLISH HOTELS

AU REVOIR

Don't say goodbye say "*Au Revoir*." "*Au Revoir*"—they are familiar words to us because once people have stayed at the Royal Victoria Hotel their return becomes almost inevitable. Modern comforts and old-time courtesy, 120 ft. sun-lounge, a famous chef, 100 centrally-heated rooms with hot and cold water, lift, garage, large and small suites, golf, tennis and medical baths nearby. Terms from 4½ Gns. weekly. Write for tariff to-day.

ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL

ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA Facing Sea 'Phone: Hastings 869

Stay at the centre of centres for Tours—

SOUTHAMPTON POLYGON HOTEL

For Luxury without Extravagance

'Phone: Southampton 5061 'Grams: Polygon Hotel, Southampton

DEVON. Modern Country House as Residential Hotel. Grounds, Paddock, Stables, Tennis Court, Garage. Accommodation available from October 1. Hunting (3 packs), rough Shooting. Terms from 3½ gns. Apply the Secretary, "Part Lees," Belstone, Okehampton.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

AUSTRIA

Semmering.—3,000 ft. a.s.l.—1½ hrs. fr. Vienna. **Suedbahn Hotel.** The Golfer's Home.—Open-air swimming-pool.

BELGIUM

Antwerp.—**Grand Hotel de Londres.**—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

Franzensbad.—C.S.R. Hotl. Königsvilla.—The best place for Rheumatic-heart complaints & Women's functional disorders. Prospectus

FRANCE

Houlgate-on-Sea.—Grand Hotel.—Picturesq. Normandy 10 min. fr. Deauville. Sandy Beach. Golf. Ten. Autocars along Coast. Mod. tms.

Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest adjoining Casino. Every poss. comf. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

Monte Carlo.—Hotel Terminus Palace.—1st cl. Sea front. Fac. Casino gdns. Weekly terms incl. tips and tax fr. £3.10. With priv. bath £5.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renov., facing Kurpark, a home from home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Bad Kissingen.—Staatl.—Kurhaushotel.—World-renowned house, mineral baths in hotel. Garages.

Bad Kissingen.—Hotel Reichshof.—Distinguished family hotel. Garage. Opposite Park.

Cologne.—Schweizerhof, Victoriastr. 11.—100 beds, all mod. comf., garage, A.A. Hotel, quiet sit., homely. Incl. tms. fr. R.M. 7.00.

GERMANY—*Continued*

Garmisch-Partenkirchen-Park Hotel "Alpenhof."—lead'g hotel in Bavarian Alps. Cen. sit. Ev. Com. Prospec. thro' propr. Hanns Kilian.

Garmisch.—Bavarian Alps.—**Sonnenbichl. Golf Hotel.**—Incomparably beautiful sit. 1st-class hotel. Every comf. at Mod. Terms.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perf. Hotel bldg. Select home of Intern. Soc. & Aristoc. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Mannheim - Palace Hotel Mannheimer Hof.—The leading house at moderate prices. 240 beds, 100 bathrms. Prop.: Fritz Gabler.

Munich. — **Grand Hotel Continental.** — Where everyone feels at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Munich.—The new **Hotel Excelsior** (near the Hauptbahnhof). — First class, modern, quietly placed. Rms. fr. R.M. 3.50 onwards.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-cl. fam. hotel. 300 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf, tennis. Garage. Pen. from Mks. 9.

Wiesbaden.—Htl.—Nassauer Hof.—World-rnd. Finest pos. op. Pk. and Wiesbaden Springs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. Mks. 12.

Wiesbaden. — **Palast Hotel.** — First-class hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every pos. comfort. Own bath. Estab. Pens. fr. R.M. 10

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Htl., own bathing establishment. Patronised by English & American Soc. Pen. fr. Mks. 12.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.—(Four Seasons.) Select home of Society. Best posit. op. Kurhaus, Opera, Pks. Pen. fr. R.M. 12.

ITALY

Rome.—Hotel Victoria.—First-class. Central and quiet. Opposite Borghese Gardens. English-speaking staff.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS—*Continued*

SWITZERLAND

Burgenstock.—(Lake of Lucerne).—**Le Grand Hotel.**—Holiday resort — Golf — Tennis—Bathing Beach.

Geneva.—The Beau-Rivage.—With its open-air Restaurant. Terrace on the Lake, facing Mt. Blanc. All comfort. Rooms from Frs. 7.

Glion (2200 ft. ab. sea-level).—**Grand Hotel & Righi Vaudois.**—Lead. Hotel, view of Lake Geneva. Ten. Gar. 15 min. fr. Montreux.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms. all inclusive, from £4.

Lausanne.—Hotel Meurice.—On the lake 110 beds. The best first-class hotel entirely renovated. Inclusive terms 11/-. Garage, Garden.

Lucerne. — **Hotel Beau-Rivage.** — Facing lake. Next door to Casino. First-class. Excellent food. Pension from S. Frs. 14.

Lugano (Southern Switzerland).—**Majestic Hotel.**—Strictly first-class. Best view, full south. Own priv. swim. pool. Open-air rest

SWITZERLAND—*Continued*

Montreux.—**Montreux Palace Hotel.** Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rms. fac. lake. Mod. comft. Golf, Ten. Lge. Park, Gar. Bch.

Pontresina.—**Sport Hotel Pontresina.**—150 rooms with bath and running water. First-class throughout. Full pension from Frs. 15.

St. Moritz — Badrutt's Palace Hotel — Host to the Elite. Season June 15th to end of September.

Wengen.—Bernese Oberland.—Park Hotel, "Beausite."—1st class fam. hotel. Weekly terms all inclusive from £5.

Zurich.—Hotel Waldhaus Dolder.—Family hot. unriv'd pos. overlook'g town, lake, Alps. Full bd. fr. 14. Swimming-pool, golf, tennis.

LE TOUQUET HOLIDAYS

HOTEL REGINA ON SEA FRONT.
HOTEL DES ANGLAIS IN FOREST.
REDUCED RATES IN SEPTEMBER.

FLY

N. E. A.

North Eastern Airways

DAILY

AIR SERVICES

TO

SCOTLAND

AND THE

BELGIAN COAST

Book through your usual agent
or CROYDON 5158

WONDERFUL MODELS OF FAMOUS SHIPS

From the designs of G. H. Davis (Special artist of "The Illustrated London News") have been produced accurate scale working models of some of the greatest and most famous ships in the British Navy and many world renowned liners. The models are electrically propelled and float perfectly. They can be examined at the address below. The following models are available:

R.M.S *Queen Mary* (£3.3.0); Union Castle Liners *Stirling Castle*, *Athlone Castle* (£2.2.0); Orient Liners *Oreades*, *Orion* (£2.2.0); H.M.S. *Nelson* (£1.15.0); H.M.S. *Southampton*, all the named ships in the *Southampton Class*, and the Cargo Steamship *Epsom Downs* (£1.10.0).

Orders with remittance should be sent to Dept. B 18.

LONDON ELECTROTYPE AGENCY LTD.
23/24 FETTER LANE, LONDON, E.C.4

When you go to

PARIS *or* BERLIN

You are invited to make use of the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS reading rooms where current and back copies of these publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the dispatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

PARIS: 65-67 Avenue des Champs Elysées **Berlin:** 32 Kurfürstendamm

YOUR CHEMIST SELLS

Rendells

FAMOUS SINCE 1885

APPROVED BY DOCTORS

No. 1811. Vol. CXXXIX.

The Bystander

Marco Polo's Princess: Sigrid Gurie

Sigrid Gurie was the young woman who hoaxed Samuel Goldwyn into thinking she was an actress from the State Theatre of Norway, until it was discovered that she hailed from Brooklyn and had never acted in her life. Out of this deception she got the star role in *The Adventures of Marco Polo* and a divorce from her husband. Gary Cooper plays the laconic and adventurous Venetian and the film uses the greatest empire the world has known as a background for love and state intrigues between him and Princess Kukachin (in truth, Polo delivered the Princess to the King of Persia). A vast cast includes Basil Rathbone, Binnie Barnes and George Barbier (Kublai). *The Adventures of Marco Polo* comes to the Odeon next Monday

1

2

3

4

The Fashionable Bathe, 1938

Beach wear is no longer the simple affair of post-war days and it is as important to be smartly undressed as dressed

1. The two-piece takes only a third of a square yard of material (satin is favourite), but costs several guineas from smart tailors. *Worn by Miss Jeannette Fuqua at Biarritz*

2. The one-piece is by no means ousted, however; it shows up material design better, does not call for elastic round waist. *Worn by Miss Eugenie O'Malley-Keyes at Biarritz*

3. The beach dress, which would almost pass unnoticed in casinos, is useful to the few who don't desire maximum sunrays on maximum skin area. *Worn by Mrs. Gerald Wellesley at Deauville*

4. The beach robe differs from the beach dress in being long-sleeved and made of towel. This one, worn by Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower at Biarritz, matches her beach bag

5. The shorts are useful to slip on over or after a bathing-suit, and allow of attractive blouses. This wearer at Biarritz is Miss Anne Wakefield-Saunders with Lumpi and Hitler

6. The matelot suit or rompers is a clever example of the adoption for the upper classes of material and motif from the lower. *Worn by Mme. Solange Manoeuvrier at Biarritz*

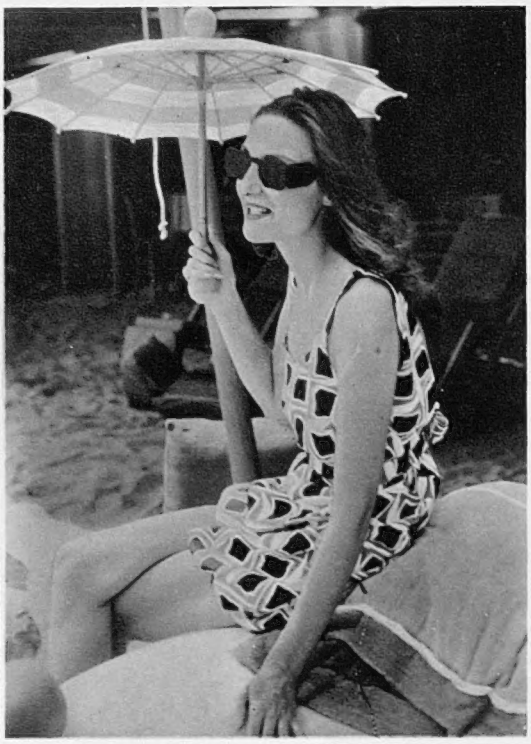
***7. The Chinese pyjamas** in white satin worn by Countess Barbara Haugwitz-Reventlow take the cake for originality and impracticability. The attractive American displayed them at her favourite summer resort, the Lido*

Gone with the Sun

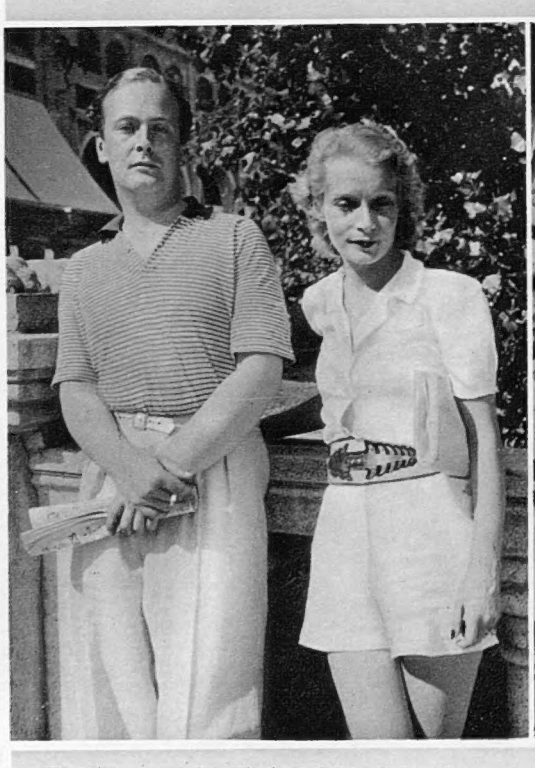
Littoral Life on Three Seas

THE LIDO

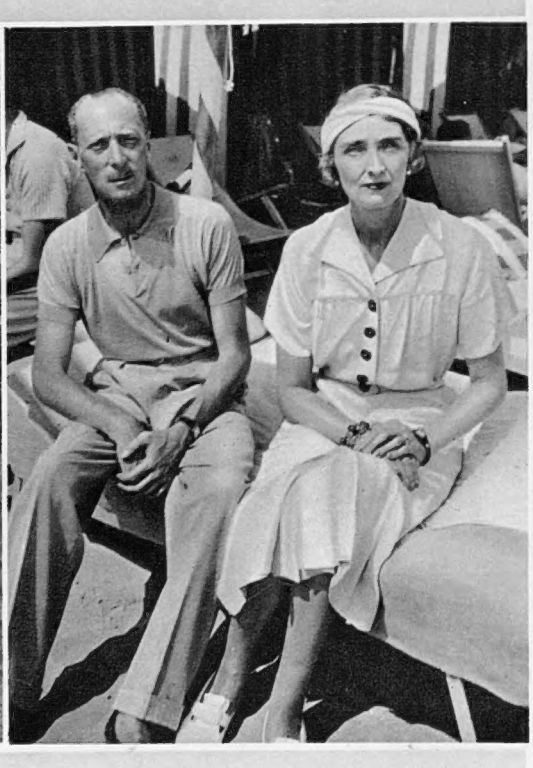
Mrs. Bertie Stern *chose to take her sun on the Adriatic shores of the resort which has given its name to bathing places the world over. She has a daughter who was presented this year*



The Comtesse de la Moussaye's *Lido wear included remarkable sun glasses, remarkable long hair, and remarkable romper suit. She is the Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes' daughter, a de Broglie by birth*



The Frasers, *Sir Keith and his Chilean-born wife, were taking a morning stroll through the arcades when they met the photographer. She wore an embossed belt with her white shorts*



The Carisbrookes *were two more English who chose Italian sun; their daughter, Lady Iris Mountbatten, was with them for some time, but went on to Brioni. Lady Carisbrooke was made a D.B.E. this summer*

DEAU

Yachting *was the Deauville attraction for Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Stephenson, on board their new Malahne in the bassin de Trouville (top picture above). Malahne replaces Velsheda for the Chairman of Woolworths, and he claims it is the most luxurious boat of its size*

Racing, *during the Grande Semaine, drew Mrs. Lyn Hart away from the shipping in an attractive pleated dress (above left). She was Velma Stephenson*

Promenading *hatless along the front at Deauville were Miss Millicent Baron, all in white, and her mother, Mrs. Edward Baron (above, right), wife and daughter of Carreras' managing director*

VILLE

BIARRITZ

Miss Beth Leary *rather naturally heads this section, for she and the O'Malley Keyes help rule Biarritz. Behind is Mr. Vincent Brown, of New York*

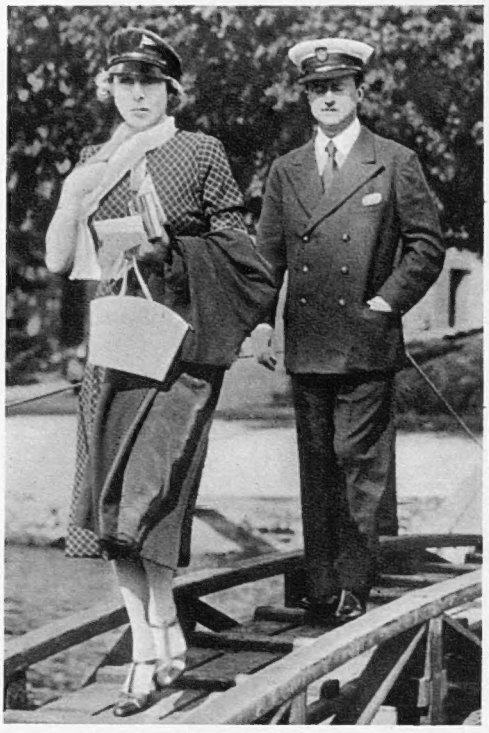
Mrs. Charles Winn *and son Michael are spending the season with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Van Heukelom. She married Lord St. Oswald's brother as his second wife in 1929. Michael is five*

Crinkly satin *is the attractive casing chosen by Miss Georgina Wakefield-Saunders, who was staying with her aunt, Mme. Miglietta. The Mexican sun-hat deserves to make the fashion section over the page*

No Sunbather *is Mme. Jean Dupuy, for she is a genuine blonde, and besides, coming from California, finds the sun no treat. She was Jean Spreckles before marrying into the "Petit Parisien" family*

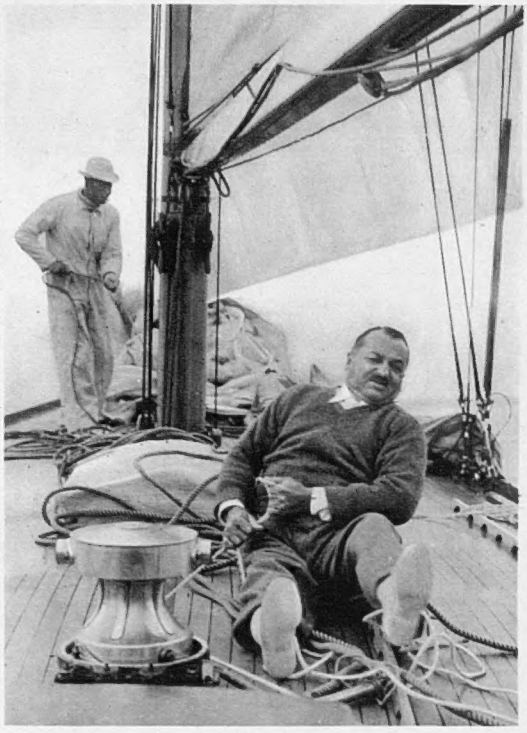
Sometimes *they sit and smoke, like Miss Mala Brand, and Mrs. Aileen Kingsmill (left), with the Chambre d'Amour pool in the background. Mala Brand is Mrs. Simon Brand's daughter; Mrs. Kingsmill is the only child of the late Evelyn Kyrle Smith*

Other times *they sit and play backgammon, like Mr. Howard Dehn and Mr. Ham O'Malley-Keyes. He is on leave from the Irish Guards, marries Angela Tod in October*



The First Lord Comes Aboard

Mr. Alfred and Lady Diana Duff Cooper are seen on the gang-plank of the Admiralty yacht Enchantress. Their August cruise in the Baltic has, as the "Daily Telegraph" explained, made useful contacts and given the crew practice



The Minister of Labour at Work

Mr. Ernest Brown's holiday at sea was more energetic than that of his colleague. He was a guest on board Mr. C. R. Fairey's Evadne for the Torbay Royal Regatta, and also helped to sail the Evaine to some of her many victories, as here

Three Minutes in All

Three minutes were taken by Brig.-Gen. A. C. Critchley and Miss Diana Fishwick to get married at the British Consulate in Paris, and they left at once for a honeymoon in America, Mrs. Critchley taking with her the Belgian and German golf titles. It is Brig.-Gen. Critchley's third marriage

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

IT is doubtful if the London Press as a whole has ever been so completely out of touch with reality as it has been during the last week. When I say the London Press, I mean what has actually appeared in print. The proprietors, managers, and editors know perfectly well what has been going on. But, with the sole exception of the *News Chronicle*, day after day a flood of facile, cheap optimism has come drooling out in leading-articles, feature-articles, and even in the corners of the gossip-columns. "Everything is for the best in the best of all possible worlds." That is the theme-song which has been so heartily and nauseatingly plugged.

ACTUALLY, the week-end which lies before me as I write, and which lies behind us all as this number of the BYSTANDER appears, may easily be looked on in after years as the most momentous in world history since 1918. It is being freely rumoured that the Germans have presented what almost amounts to a time-limit ultimatum to the Czechoslovak Government, ordering it to concede everything to the Sudeten Germans, and the *Daily Mail* has boldly come out with the statement—in big splash headlines—that the British Government is going very soon to declare its intention to stand by France in defence of Czechoslovakia. By the time you are reading this paragraph, that declaration may already have been made. In which case the German Government ought to be sitting with a wet towel round its head, wondering whether or not to go on with the colossal bluff.

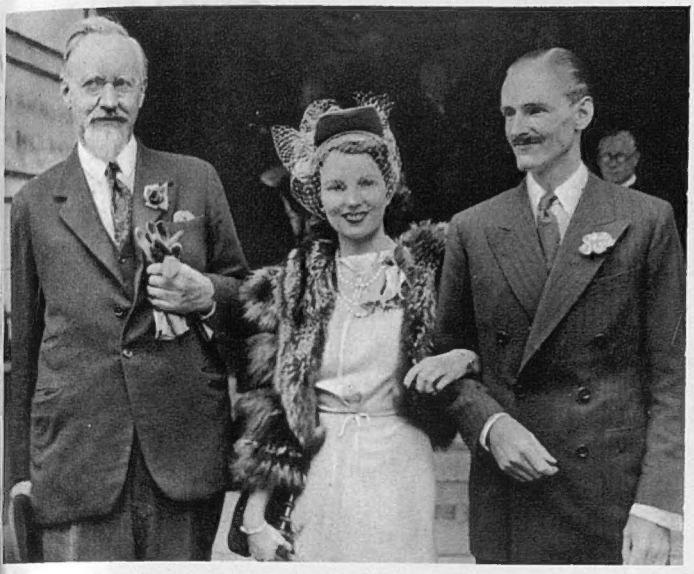
WHETHER or not the worst comes to the worst, that one fact comes out which I have already spoken of. Never has the man in the street been kept so completely and shamefully in the dark about events which might within twenty-four hours affect calamitously the life of himself and of everyone in his home. It will not be so easy in future to sneer at totalitarian censorship. The democrats are pretty good at it too nowadays.

GENERAL FRANCO'S reply to the British scheme for the withdrawal of volunteers from Spain has at last arrived, after seven weeks' delay. The seven weeks must have been occupied with a lot of heavy thinking in Rome, where the problem still remains the same as it has been since the fall of Mr. Eden. Signor Mussolini has to get his pact with Mr. Chamberlain, and at the same time see that General Franco wins. He therefore has to play Mr. Chamberlain on the end of his line until such time as Franco does win. He had to juggle between holding up General Franco's reply as long as possible in order to secure victory, and answering it as quickly as possible in order to please Mr. Chamberlain.

DURING the seven weeks in which the Burgos authorities did not reply to the withdrawal scheme, it was rumoured so freely that the Rome Government was breaking every pledge, written or verbal, by sending more troops to Spain that even Mr. Chamberlain's patience became a little frayed. Our representative in Rome asked Count Ciano point-blank whether the rumours were true, and Count Ciano did not deny it. His only explanation, or defence, or excuse, call it what you like, was that munitions were going to Barcelona from France.

THE situation in Spain, therefore, remains exactly the same. Mussolini is banking on a rebel victory which week after week does not come, and Mr. Chamberlain is banking on gentlemanly behaviour from Signor Mussolini which week after week does not come.

ONE of the reasons put forward for General Franco's virtual refusal to accept the plan is a perfectly valid one. I never could understand how in the name of common sense anyone could expect the volunteers on both sides to be counted by a wandering commission of neutrals. The thing was cloud cuckoo-land from the start, and the General has



Sixty Minutes Late

Captain the Hon. Randal Arthur Henry Plunkett, only son of Lord Dunsany (left), and Mrs. Vera Bryce, daughter of Senhor and Senhora de la Sottomaior, of Brazil, were married at Caxton Register Office, but not until the bridegroom had waited forty minutes for the bride and another twenty for her papers. He is in The Guides Cavalry

Sir James and Lady Jeans at Tea

Sir James Jeans was photographed off duty at Cambridge, where he was attending what promises to prove one of the British Association's most important meetings. But the book he was studying with tea has no bearing on brain trusts. It is Galpin's "Music of the Sumerians, Babylonians and Assyrians." Lady Jeans is Viennese born; they have one son

at least exposed this piece of nonsense. Meanwhile, the fighting goes on, and it looks as if the Government side is in for a big defeat on the Ebro.

HUNGARY has suddenly come into the limelight. After twenty years of life in the shadows, she is now being courted by all the Powers of Europe. While Admiral Horthy was watching the parade of Germany's new battle-fleet, the Little Entente was simultaneously making its first sensible gesture towards its former enemy. The new pact is, I suppose, another step to what is called the pacification of Europe, although I must say, looking back on all the pacts of the last twenty years, that they seem to be like the steps of a man running up a descending escalator and finding himself pretty near the bottom in the end.

As is usual in the middle of a European crisis, the French Government begins to wobble over a purely internal crisis. While the armed men are marching about in Germany, Paris splits suddenly over the forty-hour week, and two Cabinet Ministers resign. M. Daladier has endangered his majority by his condemnation of the forty-hour week, and M. Blum, the Socialist leader, threatens him with defeat if he meets the Chamber on this issue. Meanwhile, the German manœuvres continue.

THE Ministry of Health has published its annual report, and a most entertaining document it is. The Minister appears to be one of our most versatile and active citizens. At one moment he is clearing people out of slums into new houses at the rate of a thousand a day; at another he is catching rats on a ship which has come from Japan; on a third he is combating typhoid and tuberculosis, and reducing the rates of maternal mortality and infant mortality; and on a fourth he is detecting a miscreant who tried to sell a bottle of non-alcoholic raspberry wine which did not contain any raspberry juice. In his spare time the Minister looks after National Health Insurance, parrot disease (of which there were two cases last year), and the ring of prehistoric stones at Avebury, and also tests beer. A busy man, Mr. Elliot.

As usual, the British Association sprang some pretty little jokes upon the populace during its meeting at Cambridge. Having launched a gearless motor-car, and listened as usual to Mr. H. G. Wells on education, and practically cleared the River Mersey of sandbanks, it took time out to attack the moral character of the ordinary robin red-breast. By the time the British Ass. had finished with the robin, that feathered friend was looking pretty like a thug.

In re the gearless motor-car, a Mr. Tom Stubbings, veteran Cambridge taxi-driver, has had a drive of it. His comment was: "I have been driving for over twenty-five years, and I have never touched anything like it in my life." It would have been a bit of a facer for the British Ass. if he had.

Golf in Stocking'd Feet

Gertrude Lawrence, touring in her Broadway success, "Susan and God," reached San Francisco to find a hole-in-one golf tournament in progress at Lincoln Park. Off went her high heels, and off went the ball to within six feet of the pin. Later she went off form

FRIENDS of mine in Fleet Street who rang up Australian newspaper correspondents after the Oval Test Match to ask for Australia's reactions to the result, invariably got the same answer, "Nothing you could print." At last one of them asked if Australia had cabled any message to the winning side. The answer was, "Nothing you could print."

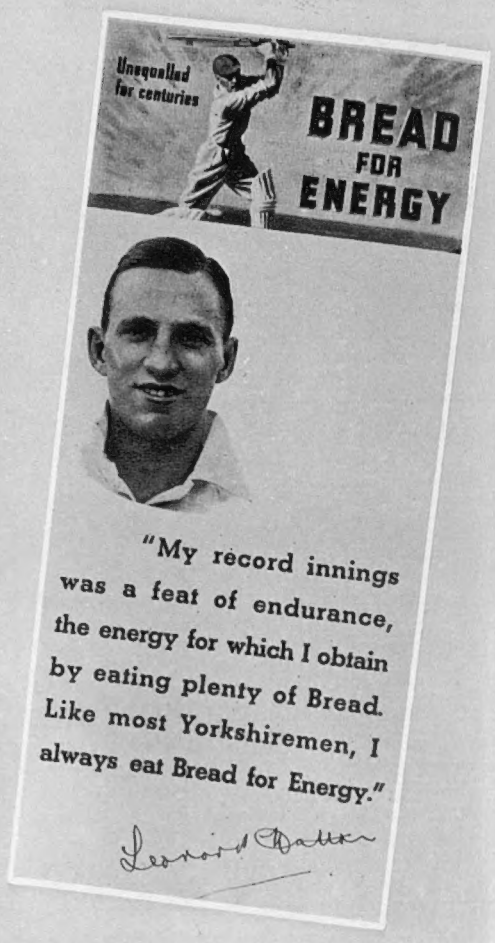
AN interesting and unusual book is the autobiography of the broadcasting taxi-driver, Mr. Herbert Hodge. Mr. Hodge combines politics, play-writing, broadcasting, and taxi-driving with a good deal of success after a desperately hard early struggle. In his book he has a lot of surprising things to say about the difficulties of a taxi-man's life. Not least among his troubles are you and me. His fares, that is to say. The book is called *Draughty in Front.*

AFTER a long interval the Coliseum has come back to variety, with a twice-nightly bill. Among its first performers are Stanelli and his bachelor party and Norman Long, both well known on the radio, and it is rumoured that later on Miss Irene Vanburgh will join the programme.

TRACES of Colonel Fawcett have been reported again from the interior of Brazil. Presumably, Mr. Peter Fleming will furbish up his old rook rifle, telephone to Mlle. Maillart, and push off into the wilds at once.

ASTOUNDING BRILLIANCE
of LEN HUTTON
and MELTONIAN
Everyone's been very kind about my long innings. Well, I can hardly talk about that but I can say that you can rely on Meltonian Liquid White for a long, brilliant innings every time you put it on. I always use it for pads and boots. It keeps them smart and white after the longest day at the wicket.
FOR SPORTS SHOES AND CRICKET GEAR
always use
MELTONIAN WHITE CLEANER
Liquid in bottles 6d. Solid 3d., refills 2d.
THERE ARE MELTONIAN DRESSINGS FOR EVERY TYPE OF SHOE
Len Hutton putting on his pads before his record-breaking innings against the Australians.

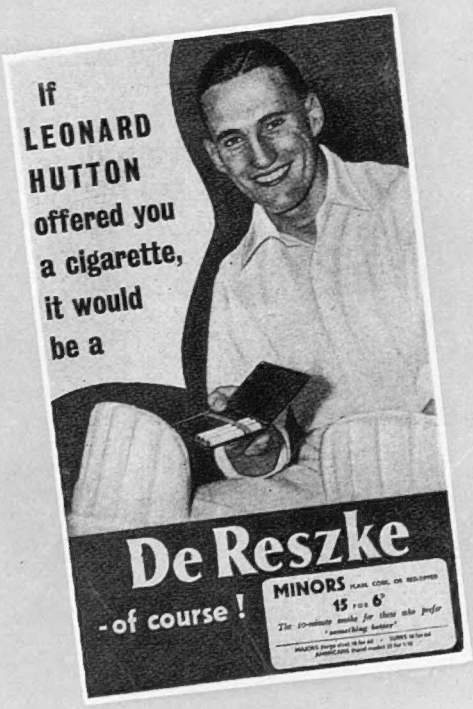
HUTTON USED
FITILIN
REVITALISING RUB
to help him make his record-breaking score
Although FITILIN has only been on the market for ten weeks, enthusiastic letters and messages have been received from athletes and sportsmen in all parts of the country.
People who work in offices and factories are gaining great benefit from this revitalising spirit rub. The reason for this is that waste acids collect within your muscle tissues. Everything is tightened up . . . you feel tired and depressed . . . get beaten at games. FITILIN rubbed in vigorously after a bath releases those acid-bound muscles — and makes you feel fit and lively.
FITILIN banishes fatigue, foot tiredness, prevents and relieves lumbago and muscular rheumatism. Get FITILIN fit TO-DAY.
FITILIN
REVITALISING RUB
AT ALL CHEMISTS
1/9 2/6 & 4/6
Distributors: PASSETT & JOHNSON LTD., BECLERKENWELL ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1 (Clerk's mail 2/3)
Manufactured by: LONDON SOLVENT LTD., 30 SOUTH AUDLEY STREET, LONDON, W.1


Unequalled for centuries
BREAD FOR ENERGY
"My record innings was a feat of endurance, the energy for which I obtain by eating plenty of Bread. Like most Yorkshiremen, I always eat Bread for Energy."
Leonard Hutton

Yorkshire Boy Makes Good

"The Bystander," still stunned by the events at the Oval last week, congratulates those enterprising people who seized the man and the moment with such slickness that their wares might take on added lustre from the endurance of the record-breaker

Len Hutton Relaxes at Pudsey


If LEONARD HUTTON offered you a cigarette, it would be a
De Reszke
-of course!
MINORS PLAIN, CORK, OR RED-TIPPED
15 FOR 6d
The 10-minute smoke for those who prefer 'something better'

364 HUTTON
does it on Milk
Test cricket is a tremendous strain on body and nerves. That's why cricketers drink milk. They know that milk gives them strength, vitality and fitness. Milk is the food of foods—the drink of athletes.
And for you, too, there is no substitute for milk. Whatever your work, whatever your game—you'll do it better on milk.

HUTTON
A GREAT BATSMAN
A GREAT SCORE
and
A GREAT TRIBUTE
to
"The Bracer that Builds you up!"
• READ WHAT HE SAYS:
My record-breaking score of 364 was a gruelling test of strength and stamina. I find that Seagers Egg Flip is an excellent restorative, which gives me the energy and vitality necessary for such a prolonged innings. It is well-named "the Bracer that Builds you up."
• Seagers Egg Flip is made with the yolks of guaranteed Home produced New-laid eggs and full-strength imported wine.
SEAGERS EGG FLIP
THE Bracer that Builds you up
5/6
PER FULL-SIZE BOTTLE
THE HOUSE OF SEAGERS ESTABLISHED 1805
DISTILLERS OF FINE GIN FOR OVER 130 YEARS

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 86

Lee Tracy

ONCE upon a time there was a small, pale-faced boy with deep-set blue eyes and sandy hair, who used to sit in the gallery of the local music-hall at St. Louis, Missouri, U.S.A., watching Howard Thurston doing legerdemain. "Gosh! What wouldn't I give to be his assistant!" he soliloquised, knowing that although the assistant only had to hand things to the maestro, he would probably learn all the secrets of lovely Turkish maidens disappearing into trunks and out of them again. When he went home he used to practise magic and buy himself property-eggs, property-cards, and those bowls which pour out rice and water alternately. As you can guess from Molly Bishop's drawing, this was Master Lee Tracy. He is still a very keen amateur conjurer, and I am hoping against hope that Henry Sherek, the producer of *Idiot's Delight*, in which Lee Tracy is now taking over Raymond Massey's part, will allow him to do a spot of conjuring in the play, because Lee Tracy has never done a song-and-dance act (as called for) throughout his stage and film experience.

But as soon as you look at him you realise that Lee Tracy has Welsh blood in him. And, indeed, his mother was a Miss Griffith, of Swansea. What 's more, Mrs. Tracy is a Miss Thomas. But all young Lee's desire to go on the stage was curbed by his railwayman father, who sent him to the American equivalent of Wellington College, and from there to study electrical engineering in Schenectady. When America joined in the war Lee rose to be a second-lieutenant in the infantry, and, in fact, was a regular commissioned officer when the war came to an end. Even now he is in the Special Reserve. The war over, he was at last able to gratify his youthful passion, and went on the stage in a vaudeville act for a year at 45 dollars a week. During this period he toured most of the south and middle-west of the United States. Which was followed by three years in stock companies at Mount Vernon, N.Y., Elmira, N.Y., and Baltimore. He also got small parts in the touring companies of New York productions such as *The Cat and the Canary* and *The Bat*. It was in *The Show-Off* that he first hit Broadway. Here he played the part of the studious brother of the braggart hero (which, of course, he ought to have played himself). It was not until Jed Harris took a chance with him and starred him in *Broadway*, which was the hit of the decade, that he really made his mark. This was followed by the stage production of *Front Page*—the first time that he played the part of a reporter. Since then he has played another eleven similar rôles and liked all of them. Most American authors, playwrights and scenario writers, being ex-newspapermen themselves, usually make their reporters real people instead of sub-human, as on the London stage. Lee Tracy's first film was *Big Town*. His first real success was in *Blessed Event*, when he created an all-time record of talking for two minutes fifty-one seconds without a break or a re-take.

VARIOUS successes with various film companies in Hollywood followed, and we 'll skip the Viva Villa episode. After all, Lee Tracy has forgotten it, so why shouldn't we? Besides, he has since got married, his wife having met him in the first instance when trying to sell him insurance on his 62-ft. schooner. Sailing is his passion and delight to-day. He took the schooner on a 5000-mile trip to Honolulu not long ago and hopes to do so again. For he treats it as a serious sport and not as an alibi for yachting-caps and cocktails. Lee Tracy has never played golf in his life, nor poker, nor bridge. He knows too much about cards, I suppose. He prefers sitting around and reading, particularly yachting manuals; weighs ten stone five; raises his left eyebrow unconsciously; talks at a normal speed in private life; and is always playing about with a match-box or coin or something, in conversation. He seldom writes more than three letters a year, is a very quick study, packs all his wife's luggage, and is always ahead of time. He smokes cigarettes heavily, and is covered with scars. The one on his left leg is from a taxi-cab. The one on his forehead is from a railway-train, and the others on the back of his head and elsewhere are, to use his own expression, caused by "choosing the wrong guy."

Charles Graves

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

BATH, the only beautiful city remaining to these islands, is about to re-open the Assembly Rooms, just restored at a cost of £30,000, or £10,000 more than they cost to build in 1769-71. We devoutly wish Bath would restore the office of Master of Ceremonies as well, for the Assembly Rooms always feel to us unfurnished without one. He needn't be such a bully as Nash, who once tore a fancy apron off a wayward Duchess who thought she could turn up at the Rooms wearing what she liked. He could be just a harmless, dainty little man like Derrick, or an elegant fusspot like Mr. Cyrus Angelo Bantam in *Pickwick* ("My dear sir, nobody is fat or old in Ba-ath!"). Or he could simply be a bland, imperial personage like Lieut.-Col. Eld, the last Master of Ceremonies to reign in Brighton, whom Sydney Smith, fascinated, saw "attired point-device, walking down the Parade like Agag, delicately," toes pointed outwards and head held like a potentate, and followed on to the old Chain Pier, where the M.C. blandly approved the deportment of the English Channel. "That is right. You are low-tide at present," he seemed to say, "but never mind. In a couple of hours I shall make you high-tide again." There are plenty of Elds, Bantams and Derricks about to-day—we could mention two or three here and now, but for the Libel Laws—and we think Bath Corporation might take the matter up. We met the ideal M.C., a well-known flâneur, in Pall Mall only last week, quizzing the world through his monocle and fluting agreeably in a high cultivated voice to a companion about the Russian Ballet. He nodded gracefully to us, a perfect gesture of the Vieille Cour. We met him once at a party, and he thinks we are the Duke of Northumberland.

During the restoration work they discovered the M.C.'s private bathroom under the east end of the Ballroom, which will give you some idea of the high and onerous nature of the office. In the magnificent eighteenth century, the nobility and gentry took a bath only on doctor's orders, and scent was more important than soap. Progress! Progress! How often do you hear of a really dirty duchess nowadays?

"They'll do anything in this place to cut expenses"

"I think me voice is breaking, sir"

Please

OUR attitude towards the news that the Italians are growing steadily taller under Fascismo (official, Central Statistical Institute, Rome) is one of dignified protest. We took up the same attitude some time ago when a booksy critic, reviewing Miss Ethel Mannin's latest, said it seemed to reveal a bigger Miss Mannin altogether. We didn't want, we still don't want, Miss Mannin to be any bigger, we like her petite and Delphic, vital, intense, with inscrutable, brooding eyes, and we don't want the Italians any bigger either, because it destroys the classic Roman type. The chaps who ruled from the Grampians to the Euphrates and much of whose work is still indestructible were short, stocky, bullet-headed little fellows, bursting with vitality and sense. When chaps grow tall, they lose both, as the Nordics amply show. Their eyes, the mirror of their immortal souls, go completely blank and calf-like; they lumber; they are kind but dull; they take a long time to see a joke; they esteem stupidity as a virtue. Race has little effect on this. We know an extremely tall Frenchman, and extremely tall Austrian, and an extremely tall Irishman, each of whom is devoid of any vitality or esprit whatsoever, each of whom folds colourlessly up in sections like a carpenter's rule. It's a universal law, the only known exception in the world being Eric Maschwitz, the Boy Libretto-Factory, who is 11 or maybe 18 feet high and 3 inches wide, and is worked by electricity, as showers of bright blue and green sparks and the low, powerful purr of the dynamos testify by day and night. But we're concerned at the moment not with the marvels of science, but with flesh-and-blood, and we don't think the Italians are wise to grow any bigger, unless they intend devoting their future to the clever hitting or kicking of balls of various shapes or sizes, which God forbid, that particular contribution to Western culture being already in capable hands.

Tribute

THE French have also surprised us, not too agreeably, during the past few days with that large white, expensive, not strikingly beautiful Napoleon monument at Ajaccio. If yet another monument to Napoleon were adjudged necessary, it often seemed to us that the final, ideal one might be built out of the 8,987,754,549,276 books written on and around him during the last hundred years, beginning with the 18,769 tomes by Masson and Houssaye, and ending, for the moment, with Miss What's-her-Name's *Malmaison Peeps*; the whole forming a vast, imposing, natural plinth for a group of statues of all the little big-business men who have fancied themselves Napoleons during the same period. There would be hundreds of these, for there comes a moment in the life of every little powerful magnate when he reads, or has read to him by a serf, a Life of Napoleon, and is amazed by the resemblance to his own personality.

This makes him behave very oddly, especially during the inevitable subsequent visit to the Invalides.

Jaunt

UNLIKE the P.E.N. Club boys and girls, whose recent annual gabfest at Prague got less publicity than usual, though those booksy sweethearts probably settled the usual number of world-problems, the Poetry Society boys and girls don't dope themselves with the idea that the universe is gasping for their views on all things human and divine, but indulge in quiet, refreshing little jaunts abroad, having a good time, and harming nobody. Next month they are making a "pilgrimage" (their word) to Assisi and will traverse the Franciscan Country, guided by the Director of the British Institute in Florence. A year or so ago they were "doing" the Italy of Keats and Shelley. This, we submit, is the right kind of literary jamboree, as opposed to bouncing about Europe and emitting a lot of poohbah about Literature having no frontiers, and the divine booksy vocation, and so forth. If there 's one thing more ludicrous than the average booksy boy (or girl) with a grievance, it 's the average booksy boy (or girl) with a self-appointed mission. It grieved and alarmed us to discover the other day, from his new book, that even a deep-in-the-water novelist like Georges Duhamel seems to think the novel-writing trade a sort of priesthood. That day, like Paolo and Francesca, we read no more.

Not having been to any booksy parties lately, we haven't any of the latest dirt for you. We don't even know if Miss Howle has really gone over from Faber to Gollancz, a move of some import, which was tearing the booksy fraternity to pieces last time we romped with them even more than the dreadful report that "Popsy" was now refusing to give "Stinker" a quotable notice because of what Eric said to "Uncle" about Mrs. Grafter's giving "Rusty" a terrible half-column after he and Queenie had said something awful to "The Buffalo" about Hugo's new book which "Lousy" and "The Gang" had overheard. You 'll just have to go on thirsting for the big news a little longer, God help you. We promise to plunge into the racket again as soon as possible, whate'er the cost.

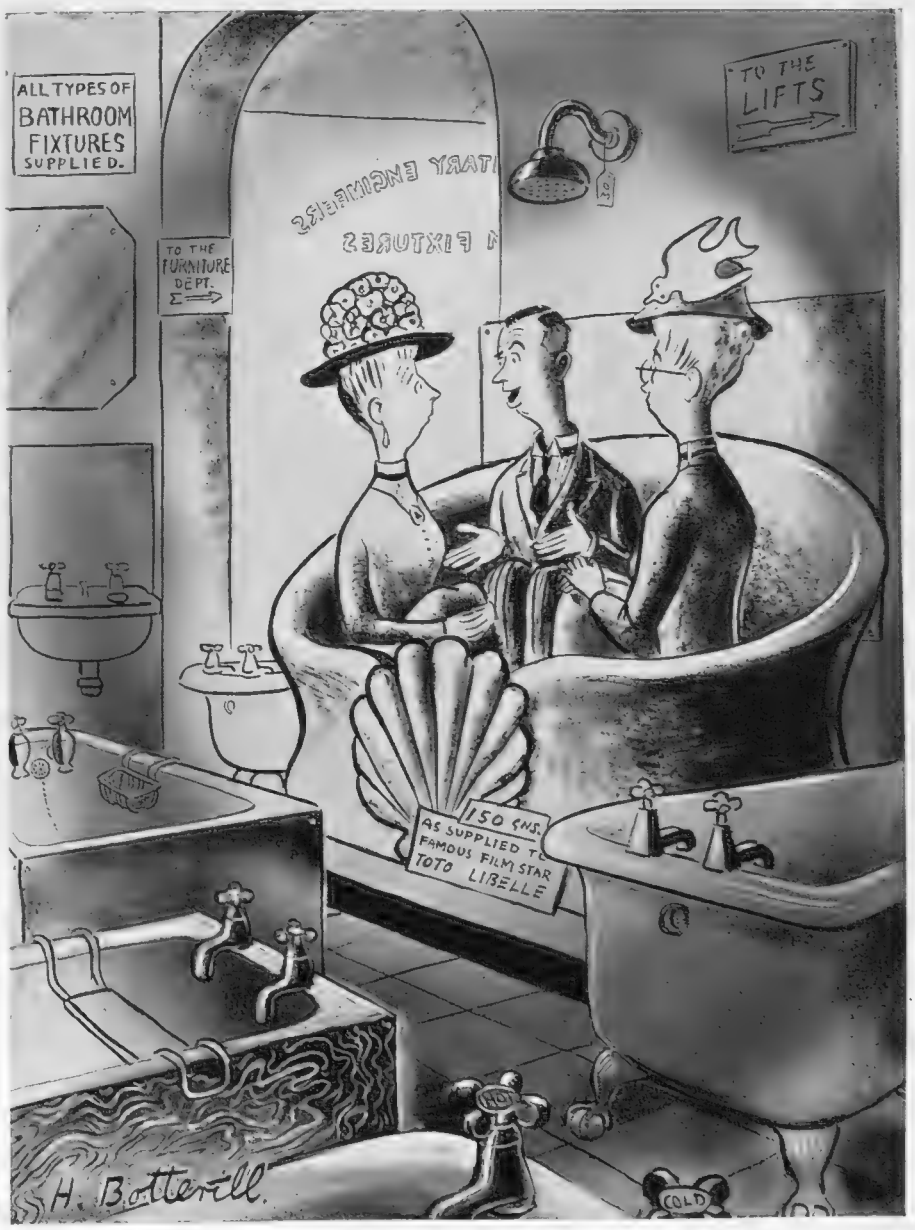
Discipline

WHEN greeting Herr Hitler in future, German women will, by order, raise the right hand shoulder high with bent elbow, at the same time inclining the head. Being German they will do this very conscientiously and with clockwork precision, whether they like it or not, and such exercises will make a change for them. Since the Dark Ages, women have exacted a lot of obsequious ritual from chaps, uncoverings and flourishings and bowings and scrapings, hand-kissings and head-inclinings, congées and kowtowings and salamalecs; and barring curtseys to Royalty and a knee-bend to certain prelates, they have done practically nothing in return except to toss the head, to gather up the long skirt when passing undesirables—thus affording undesirables like Lord George Hell an opportunity of appraising their ankles—and to "move" graciously to nice people or distantly to chaps not in their set. It takes a German dictator to make women toe the line and salute a chap like soldiers, eyes front, and no fiddle-faddle niffnaffery or flafla; or indeed to obey any orders whatsoever. The only chap we can remember who succeeded in doing so before Hitler is Lauzun, whose celebrated cry, "Henriette de Bourbon, remove my boots!" has been curiously regarded as an indication that Lauzun was half-crazy. No, we 're wrong. There are others. There was the solemn American critic in octagonal pincenez we overheard saying at a party: "She was a tigress, but I tamed her." There was also the celebrated film-director who said to us, gazing at a distant couple of dear little wayward scorny West End actresses and speaking through clenched teeth: "*I drive 'em. I drive 'em.*"

Weapon

ONE of the stock jokes of the cartoonist boys, when dealing with questions of armament, being to show the unprepared reduced to fighting with bows and arrows, it is interesting to note that big-game hunters in America are taking to the long-bow as an instrument for clean, quick killing. The longbow, an expert has pointed out, is a terrible and destructive weapon. We moderns are so used to imagining that nobody was clever till we began that we are apt to think of wars before gunpowder was invented as rather cosy affairs. This is rubbish. The bow of Ulysses, which nobody but he could bend, was as fearful as a machine-gun. The arrows used by the Normans and by the English (or Welch) at Crécy came down with a terrifying violence and could split men in half like apples. Against low-flying aircraft the longbow with the broadhead arrow would still be murderous we imagine. Killing chaps is not a nice subject—you may have heard of a famous bayonet instructor in the last war who used to make the soldiery swoon away in heaps by reason of his ferocious relish—but since the major portion of our national activities are now directed towards that end, one may at least be permitted to remark that the longbow is likewise a weapon for men, and not chemists, and might still make a good auxiliary. We suggest making it compulsory for those citizens who in the next war desert (as somebody recently suggested) to the front line.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"And, of course, there 's room for three at a pinch"

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"She Too Was Young" (Wyndham's)

THIS is a period piece in a double sense. To begin with, the story is set in the 'seventies, of which, with a touch of Wales to help, Miss Molly McArthur takes such advantage that her scenery and costumes easily carry off the honours of the evening. But the story itself, though devised by two moderns, Miss Hilda Vaughan and Mr. Laurier Lister, is one that might have been written by a mid-Victorian author for a mid-Victorian public. The hero and the heroine, faultlessly characterless, represent love's young dream, with uniforms and a rendering of "My love is like a red, red rose" to help (Act I.). Their separation (for uniforms must abroad) develops into a heart-aching estrangement owing to the interception of letters by bad, materialistic, mammon-mad Mamma (Act II.). Each, with a pang of resignation, becomes engaged to somebody else. But on the very morning arranged for the heroine's wedding, as there she stands in her bridal dress, as pale and prepared for sacrifice as the wedding-cake on the table, in comes the hero, the truth about the letters leaks out, Mamma is shamed, the bridegroom of the day retires, and the last verse of "My love is like a red, red rose" is sung as the curtain falls.

NOW all this is strictly true to type, and the authors handle it with sympathy and discretion. But the fashion in plots they so faithfully follow is a bygone fashion which now surely needs something more than a mere revival to justify it. Here is a thing, and a fairly pretty thing, but, since it proves a trifle tedious, who wants to be the owner of this fairly pretty thing? The diversions introduced at intervals are as mild as the main story, which means, not that they are any less funny than the authors meant them to be, but that one could wish the authors meant them to be a little funnier. Mr. Edmund Gwenn, as Papa, bursts out of his study at intervals to scatter papers all over the stage in a rage. Three Welsh servants troop on and off from the kitchen to demonstrate that it is, or was, the function of the lower orders on the stage to be more comic than the upper. Mr. Esme Percy, as a rich old nincompoop with a passion for puns, helps to enliven the second act with a performance so strikingly out of key with, and so strikingly more entertaining than all the other performances that, as so often in the case of the late Dion Boucicault, it is hard to decide whether they are right and he is wrong or vice versa. In any case, we rejoice in him.

FOR the rest of the acting, it is amiable and unremarkable enough. Miss Dorothy Hyson and Miss Ann Todd as stepsisters seem so alike that it is difficult to disbelieve in a common parentage. Mr. Alan Webb and Mr. Barry Sinclair serve them well as two types of lover, grave and gay. Miss Marie Ney pursues riches and power as Mamma with a good stiff back. And Mr. Gwenn as Papa is, as always, at his best when he is at his quietest.

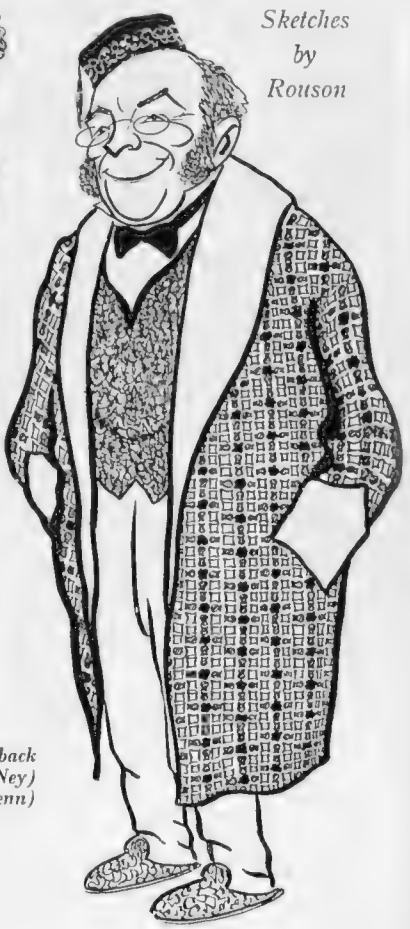
Trollop with a past before her: Kate (Ann Todd)

Aged satyr and bore: Sir Eustace Lestrange (Esme Percy)

Young love: Harry Lestrange (Barry Sinclair) and Rose (Dorothy Hyson)

Nagging wife and water-off-a-duck's-back husband: Emily Treowain (Marie Ney) and Howell Treowain (Edmund Gwenn)

Sketches by Rouson



Anthony

Margaret Rawlings: a Woman in Their Midst

One of the most important first-nights of this busy theatrical season is to-morrow at the Lyric: Charles Morgan's first play, *The Flashing Stream*. Godfrey Tearle enters actor-management therewith, presenting the play and leading in it. Opposite him is Margaret Rawlings. No part could be more different from her last great success in *Black Limelight*, for she plays a highly qualified mathematician working with men in a sequestered fortress. The background to the play is naval (Mr. Morgan served as a naval officer from 1907-18); the theme is singleness of mind, the title comes from the author's own preface. Miss Rawlings' part is that of the stumbling-block to the workers' singleness of mind. Supporting her and Mr. Tearle are Marda Vanne, H. G. Stoker (another naval man) and Felix Aylmer

Films of the Day

The Progress of Robert Taylor

By George Campbell

IF I were an actor I should pray daily to be delivered from my friends—more especially my friends of the lurid Press. Consider the case of Robert Taylor. Ever since the screams about his being the new Valentino, and the rather appalling behaviour of some thousands of young Englishwomen who should know better, there has been a tendency to dismiss him as just another beauty actor.

This is grossly unfair. From the first he showed talent. Lately he has become an extremely good actor. Admitting that he was hardly ideal for the role of Armand in *Camille*— Americans are almost invariably mis-cast in European period pieces, and the wonder is that Taylor was even tolerable—admitting his limitations, he has still given magnificent performances in *His Affair, A Yank at Oxford,* and now *The Crowd Roars.* He never poses, never exploits a classic profile, as Francis X. Bushman and John Barrymore did; and a handsome face and fine physique and the flattery of women have not increased the size of his head. He has stuck, with admirable common sense, to the job of acting. He has learned to put over dialogue with force where force is necessary and subtlety where nuances serve better; and few young actors on the screen have a wider range of facial and vocal expression.

"THE CROWD ROARS" is a melodrama about boxing. This is the sort of thing Hollywood does superbly, and the fight sequences have hardly been surpassed for realism and sheer suspense. It is all very well to say there is a lot of faking for the camera—that the punches are pulled and a lot of the blood smeared on to make the thing look tough. What do people expect, anyway? That actors should pound each other's faces for hours on end, knocking each other down and cutting eyes and lips, over and over again, until the director, the recording-engineer and the cameraman are all satisfied with effects and angles and sound? Even professional boxers wouldn't do it. What actors can do is to put on as good a mixture of faking and real fighting as they can, and this they do with such good will that a boxing sequence is always left to the last. The players don't spare themselves or each other, and often suffer black eyes and swollen lips that would mean expensive delays if another scene had to be shot with normal faces.

The Crowd Roars is the story of a little boy who, like the hero of *Golden Boy,* has two talents, singing and boxing. He is befriended by a champion boxer, grows up, and at last is in the championship class, waiting for a chance at the title-holder. His friend, who by this time has retired, tries to make a comeback for the sake of his wife and child, and fate ordains that tutor and pupil shall meet. To such a fight, between the man past his best and out of condition and the brilliant newcomer, there can be only one logical end, even though the young fighter chivalrously pulls his punches. What nobody can foresee is that a very mild left to the head should drop the veteran, dead.

At this stage one supposes the story will be concerned with the effects of such a tragedy, psychological and social, on the survivor. After a few shots of his attempt to escape from the sensational Press and gaping crowds, however, he is back in the ring again, managed by a racketeer, and the plot mounts to a more commonplace but sensationally effective climax in which kidnapping, gun-play and murderous slugging all play their part.

Conventional in outline though the story is, it is redeemed by brilliant dialogue, some realistic scrapping and fine acting by everyone concerned. Robert Taylor has done nothing better than his boxer; William Gargan makes a lovable, even touching figure of the fallen champion; Edward Arnold and Nat Pendleton score as two crooked gamblers; and Frank Morgan comes near stealing the picture with his study of the boy's drunken, sponging, good-for-nothing father, who (rather too conveniently, perhaps) provides a solution to everybody's troubles, including his own.

"THE TEXANS" might have been first-rate, and in some respects is. The shots of a great herd of cattle swimming rivers, stampeding from a prairie fire, thundering up the Chisholm trail from Texas to Abilene, and, when it gets there, partly wrecking the shanty town—these are exciting to the eye and mind, and if the human actors were as good there would be nothing to complain about. Unfortunately, one has met all the characters before, and the plot lumbers creakingly to its appointed end like a covered wagon. Randolph Scott, without being exactly a Gary Cooper, makes a fine, manly hero; Joan Bennett, besides charm and talent, has the best permanent wave west of the Mississippi; May Robson is the grand old woman of the range; and Robert Barrat and a horde of Comanche Indians supply the menace.

IN France Fernand Gravey is terrific, and his *King and the Chorus Girl* (never shown here) had some success in America. If he is ever to gain anything like the same following in this country, producers will have to find him stories a lot better than *Fools for Scandal.* The impoverished young aristocrat who takes service with the heroine—in this case as a cook, to the intense delight of all her scandal-mongering London friends—is one of the clichés of stage and screen. Given witty dialogue and ingenious construction, it might have served again; but the dialogue is undistinguished, the plot trivial and the London society women quite incredibly vulgar. It is only fair to add that women around me at the premiere laughed so loudly that two sleeping critics started guiltily, like Eugene Aram in his dream.

"Fools for Scandal"

For no apparent reason, the superior previous title of "Food for Scandal" has been changed, but as the film goes it makes no difference. Fernand Gravey (right), Carole Lombard, Ralph Bellamy, and a good supporting cast, which includes Isabel Jeans, deserve something more than this slight story from producer Mervyn le Roy, who ought to know better. At the Gaumont last week

Harlip

Baroness Gisela von Krieger

This beautiful Baronin in the early twenties comes from a wealthy family of the lesser Prussian nobility. She was brought up in the Potsdam tradition and three years ago her name was little known in the international Socialite world: now it is one of the best known. She was a leading member of café society in London this season; she has a permanent suite at the Ritz; St. Moritz bows to her charm and Cannes knows her gifts as a hostess; Paris and Berlin admire her dresses (she prefers very tailored, rather sporting clothes by day), her satin Nordic complexion and the red tint in her gold hair. Undoubtedly Gisela von Krieger is a fortunate young woman

"Three Men and a Girl"

This film came to the Gaumont on Sunday. It stars the Ritz Brothers, Tony Martin and Marjorie Weaver. The story is ingenious and gives rise to plenty of funny situations: Marjorie Weaver tips off the Ritz Brothers that impresario Tony Martin is to descend on Kentucky to discover some genuine hillbillies. The Brothers quickly plant themselves in the right spot, assume local colour and are "discovered": result as above

"Always Goodbye"

The process of toughening up young Taylor continues apace: in the film at the Empire he is a boxer; Maureen O'Sullivan, as in "The Yank," still cheers him to victory and her arms. If you like some really good fights, and don't mind a complete lack of characterisation, you will enjoy "The Crowd Roars"

This film is due at the Regal. Herbert Marshall and Barbara Stanwyck are the stars, and though from this picture you might think the story is funny, you would be wrong. It is sadly beautiful, like the title: Barbara Stanwyck is waiting to greet her man on their wedding-day, but he is killed. Unfortunately, she is an expectant mother. She meets Herbert Marshall, falls in love with him five years later, but marries her boy's foster-father for the child's sake

"The Crowd Roars": Maureen O'Sullivan and Robert Taylor

"The Rage of Paris": or, What Hollywood Has Done for La Darrieux

The September Cinema

Autumn Brings the New Films Out

Scenes from three new moving pictures are shown opposite; on this page is the most important, Danielle Darrieux's first American film, *The Rage of Paris*. The title is more a compliment to the star than a complement to the story, which has nothing to do with Paris. It is set in New York. Douglas Fairbanks Junior is Mlle. Darrieux's leading man, suave Mischa Auer excellently plays a waiter who enters her for the marriage stakes. The Empire coiffure and the Greek dress look very lovely, but so far it does not seem that Hollywood has any idea how to exploit the photogenic charm of La Darrieux. The film goes to the Leicester Square

Douglas Fairbanks and Danielle Darrieux

Danielle Darrieux and Mischa Auer

The Three Sitwells

A Notable Brood of Writers

Photographs by Baron

Francis Osbert Sitwell

Edit

If one came fresh to the family of Sitwell one could discover a good deal about them from books of reference. *Debrett* tells that they are descended from the Saxon Earls of Northumberland, "as affirmed by an old pedigree in existence 1756"; it tells that the baronetcy was created in 1808; and after each of the children of the present and fourth holder it laconically puts "is a poet." But from *Who's Who*, some infinitely more interesting material comes to light. Sir George Reresby Sitwell started the custom of gently pulling the leg of this worthy book of reference (you can afford to, if you are descended from Saxon earls): he relates that he "captured a spirit at the headquarters of the Spiritualists, 1880," that he farmed 2000 acres "producing great quantities of wheat and potatoes." Of his heir, Osbert, one learns that he was "educated during the holidays from Eton," that he "has now abandoned all other athletic interests in order to urge the adoption of new sports such as: Pelota, Kif-Kif, and the Pengo." Osbert's recreation is given as "pied-piping." Sacheverell left Oxford "owing to continued success of Gilbert and Sullivan season" there; his recreations are model aeroplanes, plats regionnaux, improvisations, the bull-ring. Edith "in early youth took an

th Louisa Sitwell

Sacheverell Sitwell

intense dislike to simplicity, morris-dancing, a sense of humour and every kind of sport except reviewer-baiting." Thus, before turning to the literary achievements of the Sitwells, one has a self-painted picture of the family. All of them are extremely productive. Osbert, who lives at the family home at Renishaw (Sir George has a castle near Florence), published his first book of verse, with Edith, in 1916, and he has averaged more than a book a year, poems, discursions, stories, up to *Those Were the Days*, last March. Sacheverell married Georgia Doble in 1925, has two sons, lives at Weston Hall, Towcester. To his credit are six volumes of poetry, works on baroque art, essays and, last spring, *Roumanian Journey*. Edith's list is very much the same : mostly poetry and belles lettres. *English Eccentrics*, in 1933, was a very notable work and called forth jokes from reviewers at the family's expense. Her novel, *I Live Under a Black Sun*, is to be followed by another, *To the Dark Power*, this autumn. At the moment she is in Venice working on an anthology of English poetry. All three Sitwells collaborate to produce their Northcliffe lectures at London University under the title, "Trio : Dissertations on Some Aspects of National Genius." It is due October 4th

Basking on the Mediterranean Shores

Photographs by Radial Press Service

Diplomatic

Freckled Bobby Kennedy, who took off his sun-glasses to be photographed with his father at Eden Roc, is the U.S. Ambassador's youngest son but one: he is twelve, six years older than Edward. Mr. Kennedy wore a smart checked shirt

Aquatic

But also royal and diplomatic are these two Adones: H.R.H. Sardar Shah Wali Khan of Afghanistan and his eldest son, Prince Ahmed. The Sardar Shah, who is on the right, is the Afghan Minister in Paris. They were photographed off the Cap Martin hotel beach

Lady Warwick

The former Rose Bingham adopted this attractive pose in her yellow beach robe on Monte Carlo beach. She had come from Antibes. Lord Warwick is still carving out his Hollywood film career as Michael Brooke

For the Terrace

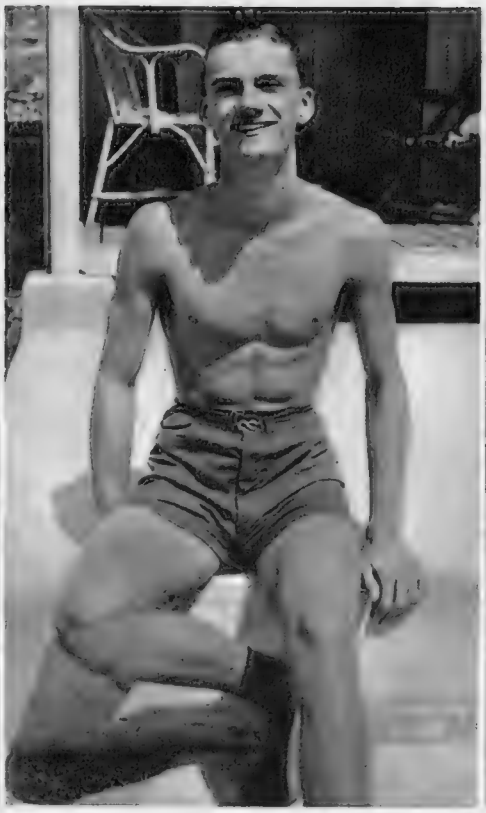
This international trio, in Riviera land clothes at Monte Carlo, is typical of the world's seaside playground: Lady Mary Lygon is one of Milord Beauchamp's four daughters; the young man in spectacles is Prince Vsevolode of Russia; and the wearer of the sporting motif print dress is Danish-born Lady Elmley

For the Beach

This English trio at Eden Roc is in Riviera sea clothes—supposing that their bathing costumes are suited to immersion, which many are not. They are Mrs. Terence Morrison-Scott, Miss Audrey Skipwith, daughter of Sir Grey Skipwith, eleventh baronet of Prestwould, and Miss Vera Morrison-Scott

Mr. Hall-Caine, Miss Gibbons

No one will know how good is backgammon in the sun until they have tried it; but then that applies to most things. Derek Hall-Caine and Stella Gibbons are the players, the place is Eden Roc. He is the son of Mr. G. R. Hall-Caine, M.P.; she is Lady Orr-Lewis' daughter



Minimum

Sir Robert Peel's brief shorts, held up by a snake-belt, are as near the Riviera minimum as makes no matter; he is Beatrice Lillie's son, has just left Harrow, was at Eden Roc

Maximum

Miss Ena Burrill's romper suit gives an impression of over clothing on this page of exposures. She was at Monte Carlo beach, but was due to return soon for rehearsals of "Never Good-bye"

Sportive

Miss Yvonne and Miss Peggy Rolph, the daughters of the British ski-ing champion, Capt. Charles Rolph, are as keen water-skieuses in the summer as snow-skieuses in the winter. At Monte Carlo beach

Decorative

Photographs of Mrs. Jock Hanbury unfailingly turn out well because she is naturally decorative. This one was taken at Eden Roc. Her husband is Lord Willoughby de Broke's cousin

Filmic

Monte Carlo was chosen by Martha Eggerth and husband Jan Kiepura for their holiday; she took her dog to the beach and he took his movie camera. The last film they made together in Austria, "La Bohème," will be at the Berkeley in September

They Also Bask

The crocodile is full of guile; he always winters on the Nile, but though he likes to take a swim and gives a most inviting smile, one doesn't care to bathe with him. The pig is more domesticate; with eggs or liver on a plate he gladdens every Aryan, but when we see his living state we feel more vegetarian

"Bystander" Short Story No. 154

Business Lady

By Bassett Scott

Illustration by Eric Fraser

Ever since he had had pocket-money of his own David had bought his Christmas presents at Russell and Robinson's, and always the first afternoon of the holidays was devoted to the performance of this delicious task. For David belonged to that rare quality of givers who see a gift with the eye of its recipient. He loved to wander from one department to another of the great store, frequently consulting the list safely clutched in a hand that each successive year was larger and cleaner; loved to debate with due solemnity the merits, the suitability, and the cost of such articles as caught his fancy from the thousands strewn before him. That he was now an Oxford man with a whole term's experience to his credit was no reason at all for breaking so sacred a tradition.

To-day he had had more money to spend than ever before, and it was nearly six o'clock before, with a sigh half of relief and half of regret, he ticked off the last name on his list. He had reached the moment—which he always kept to the last, because it was so pleasant—when he would buy himself a present from Aunt Emily. This admirable woman, also a believer in the value of tradition, had always sent him in advance a postal order, the result to be displayed at the family luncheon-party on Christmas Day. But this year the postal order was a cheque, and David was happily conscious of the five-pound note that lay secure in the innermost recess of his pocket-book.

He knew exactly what he wanted, for before beginning on his list he hadn't been able to resist taking a look at the jewellery department. And there it was—almost the first thing he had seen—a set of sleeve-links, with studs to match. Each link was a circle of mother-o'-pearl with an onyx centre and a narrow ring of gold surrounding it. They would set off to perfection his new dress suit—"tails" at last, after weary years of waiting—and the piqué shirt made specially to measure. But he didn't know the price, and the elation with which he entered the big, glittering room was tinged with apprehension.

At the counter where his treasure reposed a lady was standing. She was wearing a fur coat and she was tall and plump and rather pretty, David decided, but he didn't much like her voice. It wasn't a bit snappy, but it was hard and sometimes had quite a Cockney accent. And the scent she used was a bit too strong. David felt that she wouldn't have been approved by either his mother or Aunt Emily.

There were a lot of things spread out on the counter in front of the lady, some in cases and some on trays, and David noticed at once that nearest of all to her were his precious links, lying almost under the open lid of a big case that hid them from the assistant's view. This assistant was a rather stupid-looking young chap, who seemed quite unable to understand the long explanation the lady was giving of exactly what she wanted. He kept looking round, evidently for some superior to appeal to, but there was none disengaged, and at last he said in a kind of desperation: "If you could wait a few minutes, madam . . . the gentleman who usually serves at this counter will be back in a few minutes. He——"

The lady interrupted. She put her large muff on the counter and opened her handbag.

"I can't wait," she said, "but I should like your department manager to write about this. It's quite a simple point really. Here's my card."

The assistant read the card, and his manner became servile.

"Certainly, my lady. I'll put the matter to Mr. Lewis. Perhaps if your ladyship would be so good as to explain once more?"

But apparently her ladyship had reached the end of her patience. She took the visiting-card the young man still held in his fingers, put it back in her bag, and snapped the catch decisively.

"Never mind," she said. "After all, there's no great hurry. I'll come in again the next time I'm in London—you won't be so busy then. Well, I'm sorry to have troubled you."

She picked up her muff and walked away, and David saw, with a shock of astonishment, that the case of links had disappeared.

The young man behind the counter was again looking round for salvation, and after a second's hesitation David followed the fur coat out of the building. In the street he touched the lady on the arm. She turned swiftly, and David could have sworn to a glint of fear in her eyes.

(Concluded on page ii)

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Sin and Shadboltism

By V. S. Pritchett

One of the half-starved, ugly and rickety children of a wretched rural carrier, Bruno Shadbolt transformed the one-horse town of Castor, near Northampton, into a crude, thriving, industrial eyesore during his lifetime. The town was a portrait of Shadbolt done in villas and gasometers, and Shadbolt was a symbol of the England that has been with us since the '70's. A hard, disorderly place, full of vulgar cheerfulness and with a good streak of pathos: the awful paradise of the self-made man, the hell of his dependants and the embarrassment of their successors. The Shadbolts of England have been variously treated by novelists, but, even in their least sympathetic pages, they have always responded to the furnace glow of romanticism which puts a sort of baleful halo upon successful business. It is this personal glow to the exclusion of the social or psychological repercussions of Shadboltism which has interested Mr. H. E. Bates in his long novel, *Spella Ho* (Jonathan Cape; 8*s.* 6*d.*). Bruno Shadbolt is shown groping like primitive man in the cave of his own ignorance, hewing out a place for himself and "arriving" at last by cunning, work, luck, money and women. And though his career is surrounded by scandal, and he has a good share of animal brutality and baseness, there is a touch of innocence in him. He has the animal's melancholy. One's sympathy is not partial but complete.

From an illiterate pedlar of stolen coal, Bruno Shadbolt rises by bluff to be the bailiff of the miserly old woman who has taken Spella Ho, the beautiful, great house which becomes in the course of the story a symbol of a world wiser and more urbane. Here he picks up his first notions of how to haggle; here he is instructed by his first passion for a woman. She dies. Her successor, a placid, homesick German girl, fires the passion in him again. But this leads to catastrophe. Then luck brings him money and two more women: Italian Jenny, a circus-dancer, and Lady Virginia, the "new woman" of the period—not very convincing this one. Further catastrophe—but the wave that sinks Bruno is always the one that somehow shoots him to the top again.

Unquestionably, the first half of this book is the best, and Mr. Bates' account of the growth of a mind in the animal Shadbolt is admirable. The picture, in the first chapter, of the dying mother marching her children round the hut singing hymns to keep them warm is one of the most moving, vivid and strangest things I have read. The story flattens out when Bruno's luck turns, his failures being more convincing than his successes. The subsequent passions of Bruno are in Mr. Bates' conventional manner. I have always thought he depends too much on the violence and ecstasies of physical feeling. Passion conceived in physical terms is monotonous, and how little it lights up character. Hence a feeling that Bruno is a static insistence on the part of the novelist and not someone who really grows. But *Spella Ho* is a full book, fuller than his others, rich in examples of human happiness and agony, very inventive, very exciting.

The painter Turner was, in many ways, a Shadbolt, and his story has

H. E. Bates

His novel, "Spella Ho," is reviewed on this page. It is the story of Bruno Shadbolt, the rickety child of a carrier who transformed Castor, near Northampton, from a tiny town into a "thriving industrial eyesore," by the use of cunning, work, luck, money and women

the usual superiority of life over fiction. A barber's son, he rose from poverty to wealth and fame very quickly, by hard work and plenty of sharp dealing. But he lived in a miserly squalor which horrified visitors to Harley Street, and went off for the week-ends to secret mistresses in Wapping and Deptford—a matter which shocked his Victorian biographers. He left £140,000 for the nation, which the lawyers soon annihilated. Secretiveness was the essence of Turner's character: for years he posed as a smart, retired naval gent in Margate, where he lived, as Captain or Admiral Booth, with an overpowering Scottish woman called Mrs. Booth, and this was quite unknown to the harridan who was the mother of his children and his housekeeper in London. Mr. Kenelm Foss, in *The Double Life of J. M. W. Turner* (Secker; 10*s.* 6*d.*), takes up the defence of this fascinating and devious character in a rather chirpy and irritating book. Its potted contemporary history, inserted every few pages, is a maddening mannerism, and I am unconvinced by the over-worked theory that Turner's habits with women were the result of a loss of faith in the sex caused by his first love-affair. Turner was an eccentric genius turned out on the grindstone of early poverty, and it may be noted his mother went insane. In this and his devoted relationship to his father—here rightly rehabilitated, for he was a decent old man according to his lights—the key to the problem probably lies.

"The Brunels, Father and Son," by Celia Brunel Noble (Cobden Sanderson; 15*s.*), is the interesting story of two of the most remarkable engineers of the industrial revolution. Brunel *père*, a Royalist emigré, invented the block machinery for the Navy which defeated Napoleon, the circular-saw, printing-presses, built the original Thames Tunnel, and in 1812 had conceived and put into practice the idea of mass-production. Princess Lieven, the mistress of Metternich, found this genius boring because he talked shop and once told her there were 250,000 letters on every page of *The Times*. Perhaps he was. It was one of the few accurate pieces of information she ever picked up, for she was having her leg pulled very effectively by every diplomat in London at this time and never realised it. Brunel *fils* was more imaginative than his father, but his imagination added more to the glory of engineering science than to the pockets of shareholders. He was responsible for the splendid, if disastrous, Great Eastern which paddled into the Atlantic like a huge floating conservatory. He was also one of the outstanding masters in the railway period. The failures of the Great Eastern and the narrow mindedness of the public broke him. What the public mind is like may be inferred from the speeches of those who held that a railway station at Eton would ruin the morals of Etonians.

Novels about dominating and possessive women who suck the life out of their children and friends and stop at nothing in their revenges are pretty common. This is Mr. Seaforth Mackenzie's central character in *Chosen People* (Cape; 7*s.* 6*d.*), a novel about Sydney. With its rather priggish overwriting and its way of making a pother around every hint, word and gesture, the book looks more brilliant and revealing than it really is. But it is worth reading.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Scott Bushe

The heavens "clad in the beauty of a thousand stars" make a perfect background for this lovely creation in plaid organza. It is not, as one might imagine, an evening frock, but a nightdress from Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. This firm specialise in lovely lingerie and are constantly bringing out new ideas for the bride. In this case the model is cut like a picture frock with a full spreading skirt and softly shirred brassiere top supported by narrow ribbon shoulder-straps. The tartan design is carried out in rainbow colours, threaded with silver, and the price is ninety-eight and sixpence. Another charming nightdress is made in façonné chiffon, a new material with a plain ground scattered over with satin flower motifs. It is cut on Grecian lines, and is accompanied by a short jacket with puff sleeves. Ruching and tucking add interest to lingerie in sheer chiffon, while the colours for this season are sunset, a blaze of gold and orange like a stormy sky, sunshine yellow, and orchid mauve

On the Up Grade

The new season's hats offer infinite variety in shape, trimming and material. Crowns, as a whole, tend to rise tapering slightly round the top, while brims sweep forwards, upwards and outwards. A delightful collection of new hats, including the trio on this page, is now being shown at Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street. On the left is a brown felt postillion, with a tall flower-pot crown and rolled brim. It is trimmed with veiling sprinkled with beige chenille spots, and tied under the chin like the old-fashioned motoring veil. Below is a cavalier hat with a debonair sweep, in black felt. It soars skywards on the left side and is held by a " cache peigne " in cut felt. Lucky charms such as three and four-leaved clovers are used for trimming dresses this autumn, and in many cases the same idea is repeated on the hat. These motifs may be cut out of leather, petersham or velvet, or again, they can be embroidered in coloured thread

Out of all the conflicting reports on autumn headlines emerge at least four different and clearly-defined trends—the beret, the toque, the postillion, and the halo. In some cases the beret sweeps forward in soft, wavy lines, or upwards like a halo as in the hat on the left. This is a very becoming shape to anyone with a small face, and though severe, the hard line is successfully broken by veiling and two black swallows. Muffin toques provide a striking contrast to anything with a tall crown, as they are very small and perched well forward. They are often trimmed with flowers in cut felt or ostrich feathers. The postillion or high crown hat has many variations and is particularly effective worn with the new Edwardian coiffure, leg-o'-mutton sleeves, and short fur tippets. In deference to the Queen, certain designers have turned to Scotland for inspiration and have created glengarries, tam-o'-shanters, and attractive bonnets in tartan felts. These are delightful with tweeds

Scott Bushe

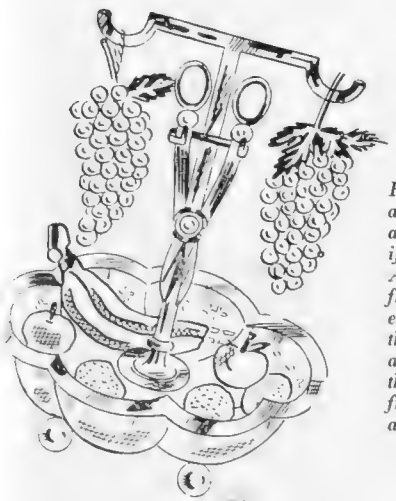
New ways of arranging flowers are always welcome, particularly in a small flat where space is limited. This wrought iron stand has three branches supporting small glass flower-bowls which look charming filled with roses. It costs 17s. 6d., from the gift department at Harrods, Knightsbridge

DISCOVERED BY PETA

the bystander turns in search of novelties

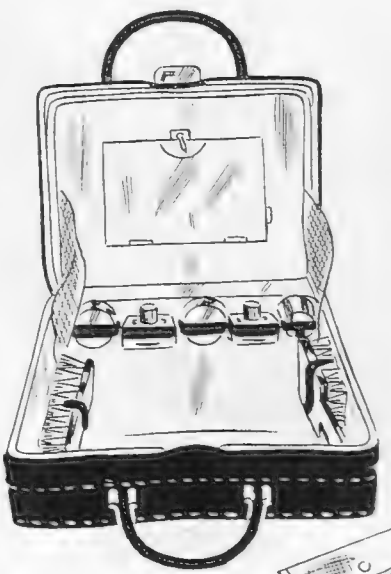
Any keen fisherman will appreciate it if you send him this crystal glass ashtray in the shape of a boat. The figure is in chromium, and it costs 12s. 6d. at Harrods. If he plays bridge, you might also include the weighted pencil on the left. This is made so that it cannot overbalance, and costs 10s. 6d. for a set of four

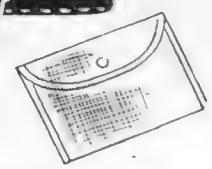
PICTURED BY PAM



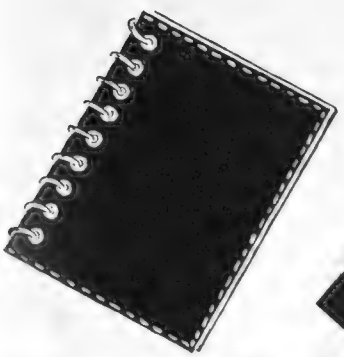
Fruit is always so perishable, and grapes especially tend to get squashed if you are not very careful. A practical fruit-stand from Finnigan's, in electro-plate, is shown on the left. The cross section acts as a support for the grapes, while mixed fruit and nuts can be arranged in the bowl

There is something very "doggie" about this decanter, which should add greatly to the success of any party. It is made in crystal glass with a silver head, while a lock and key help you to keep a check on the contents. Finnigan's, 17, New Bond Street, have it for £2 10s., together with silver labels, which are extra





Buy a feather-weight dressing-case like this one in hard grain Morocco with cast aluminium fittings. It is designed by Finnigan's and is ideal for anyone travelling by air. The two cream-jars have separate linings, which can be taken out and washed, while the sponge-bag is lined with oil-silk



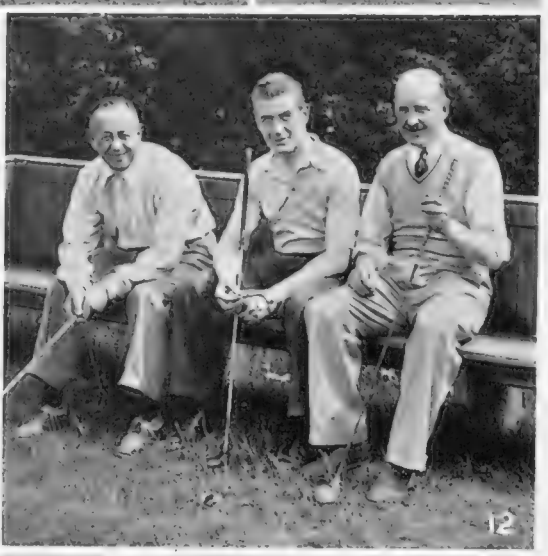
Here are three smart bags from Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, with which to complete your autumn wardrobe. The one on the left for 49s. 6d. is in black suède and suggests a loose-leaf note-book with its gilt hinges. Next to it is a spacious handbag, also in suède, with two large knobs in synthetic tortoiseshell. A simple design for a guinea, in stitched calf, completes the trio

Golf Clubs at Home

Cardiff

This club was founded in 1922. It is situated two miles from the centre of the city, on open, rolling country. The membership numbers 600

(1) Walter Cawthorn. (2) David H. Lewis. (3) R. M. de Lloyd. (4) Dan Lewis. (5) Roy Glossop. (6) Douglas Stephen (vice-captain). (7) C. E. Sanders, watched by C. Robert Pugsley. (8) J. Lyndon Jones. (9) R. B. Stewart. (10) E. P. Thomas. (11) Sir Robert Webber (captain). (12) H. H. Wellington, F. E. Perry, H. J. Palett. (13) F. Vivian Jones (secretary) and W. G. Smalldon (professional). (14) H. T. King. (15) C. H. Cordingley. (16) W. Phillips Rees, Stanley Richards, R. J. Pugsley (ex-captains), and S. A. John



J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Harry Vardon Trophy

HENRY COTTON is the winner of the Harry Vardon Memorial Trophy for 1938. This trophy goes to the professional golfer who has the best average score per round in the most important golfing events of the year. Only scores returned in the following tournaments count: *Daily Mail*, Silver King, Dunlop-Southport, Open Championship, Irish Open Championship, and *News Chronicle*.

The winner must return his score for all four rounds in the Open Championship. The number of professionals eligible to compete for this trophy this year was smaller than it usually is, due to the comparatively few players who qualified for the last day's play in the Open Championship at Royal St. George's. Competitors must also complete at least sixteen rounds, and this was the number of rounds which Cotton returned, as he did not play in the Dunlop-Southport tournament or the *News Chronicle* tournament.

When the Dunlop-Southport tournament was being played, Cotton was at St. Andrews writing about the players who were under consideration for our Walker Cup team, and this month, when the *News Chronicle* tournament was being held at Brighton, he was at Frankfurt-am-Main, defending with success his title of Open Champion of Germany. Cotton has apparently decided to take a busman's holiday every August, and spend it playing in Continental championships. Last year whilst on the Continent he annexed the Open Championships of Germany and Czechoslovakia, so he must have had a very cheap holiday.

The golf-course at Frankfurt-am-Main, where Cotton won the German Open Championship this year, with a score of 285, consisting of rounds of 71, 68, 70 and 76, was constructed ten years ago, and compares favourably with our good heather courses. The course was cut out of a pine forest, and more than eighteen thousand trees had to be pulled down and their roots grubbed up and their trunks and roots carted away. Every blade of grass, not only on the greens and fairways, but also in the rough, had to be produced by seed.

When the last of the Vardon Trophy events, the *News Chronicle*, started, Cotton was not leading for this trophy. Those ahead of him, however, increased their averages in this tournament owing to high scores in windy weather, and thus, although he did not play, he went up to first place with his average of 72·87 strokes per round for the minimum number of rounds. It is unusual, to say the least, for anyone at the game of golf to take the lead by not playing, but this is what actually happened in Cotton's case. Whether, if he had played, he would have improved his average or not we shall never know.

The average scores of our leading professionals are extraordinarily good, especially as only three players returned scores better than eighty in the morning and in the afternoon of the last day in the Open Championship.

The average scores of our leading professionals were, after Cotton, R. A. Whitcombe, 73·35; Alfred Perry, 73·45; C. A. Whitcombe, 74·20; A. H. Padgham, 74.30; A. J. Lacey, 74·65; D. J. Rees, 74·66; S. L. King, 74·90; J. Adams, 74·95; R. Burton, 75·23; and B. Gadd, 75·30. Considering the extremely unfavourable weather conditions experienced at Sandwich and Brighton, these performances represent wonderful golf.

Rees, who is no longer an assistant (he has been appointed professional to the Hindhead G.C.), was the only player to compete in all the six tournaments and finish near the top of the list. Sam King was the only assistant among the leaders.

THE *News Chronicle* tournament, which was the last professional tournament of importance this year decided by medal play, was won for the third consecutive time by a professional from the Bournemouth district. This year, the Open Champion, R. A. Whitcombe, was successful; last year E. R. Whitcombe won, and the year before, Don Curtis won.

The differences in the scores of this year and last year were truly colossal, and were due to several reasons. This year the playing conditions were very difficult owing to high winds, which reached almost gale force on the last day, the fairways were not hard and dry, like last year, and the course had been re-modelled and lengthened.

Comparisons of the scores in 1937 and 1938 are worth setting out. In 1937, E. R. Whitcombe won with a score of 268, consisting of rounds of 67, 65, 72 and 64, which was one of the lowest totals to win a golf tournament of importance. Players who returned scores equal to an average of 71 strokes per round shared the last prize, and there were sixty prizes. On the first day in 1937, forty players handed in cards of 70 or better, and Sam King led the field with a score of 63.

This year there was a very different story, R. A. Whitcombe's winning total was 300, consisting of rounds of 74, 75, 76 and 75, and was two strokes better than H. B. Rhodes's, who is now professional to Harry Vardon's old club, the South Herts G.C.

This year, W. T. Twine, of the Langley Park G.C., was the only man to return a score of under 70; he did a 68 on the first day, but it availed him little, as he took over 80 both in the morning and in the afternoon on the last day in the gale. It is possible that R. A. Whitcombe's total of 300 represented better golf than his brother's total of 268 last year.

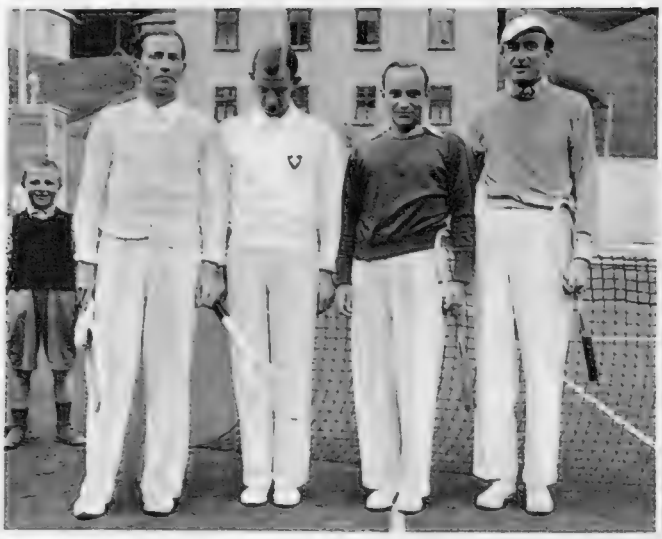
Waiting to start on their second-round meeting in the Boys' Championship were E. P. W. Dillon (Uppingham) and T. E. Donaldson (Strathallan). The latter beat the former by 3 and 2, was beaten in the third round by O. M. Wynn, 5 and 3. *More pictures of the Championship are on p. 351*

The Boys' Championship at Moor Park: Six Victims of the First Three Rounds

A. von Beckerath was an entrant from Krefeld, Germany. He lost to K. G. Thom (Thorpe Hall), the Essex boy champion, by 3 and 1 in the second round. Thom lost to Walker in the third

C. W. W. Rigby (Ellesmere College) lost to L. A. Mitchell (Verulam) by 6 and 4 in the second round. The latter, who is Abe Mitchell's son, went on to lose in the third round to I. D. M. Considine by two holes

L. G. Taylor (Ranfurly Castle) and Gordon Ironmonger (Solihull) met the camera during their second-round match. Taylor won it by 4 and 2, beat Morris in the third, but lost to Walker in the fourth round



At Kulm two Franco-Swiss pairs met in the doubles final of the lawn tennis tournament; the winners are the inside pair, Boris Maneff, native champion, and Coco Gentien, ranked fifth in France; far left is J. Jacquemet; far right is Swiss Max Ellmer who lost in straight sets

At Samaden the Engadine golf championship was played; here Sir Kenneth Goadby (right) is congratulating his victor, Mr. R. Lounsbery, of the Garden City G.C., U.S.A. Sir Kenneth won the veterans' championship

At St. Moritz was Miss Gracyn Wheeler, who stayed behind, when the other Wightman Cup players returned, to tour tournaments in Europe. Her horse is held by Miss Georgina Greiss, the Egyptian tennis champion

Summer Sport

By Howard Marshall

WAS there ever, I ask you, a greater cricketing farce than the Oval Test match? The whole thing was monstrously absurd from the moment the first ball was bowled on a wicket with about as much life in it as a very old mattress.

I don't propose to go back over the crop of new records created, or the strange incidents which made such a mockery of that ill-omened game. You will have had the facts and figures dinned into your ears quite enough by now.

We should be grateful, however, to players like Hutton and Hardstaff for exposing the absurdity of the whole affair. Hutton's wonderful effort of concentration and control, and, later, Hardstaff's deliberate pottering, showed us the fantastic limits possible on a wicket which turned bowling into a futile formality.

Hardstaff, I well believe, could have gone on to equal Hutton's record. Batting was merely a matter of care and concentration. And if the absence of a time-factor dictated England's batting policy, it was that over-prepared feather-bed wicket which made it possible.

I hope profoundly that this grotesque game will have shocked the authorities into action. Obviously, it is the end of timeless Tests in this country, but far more important is the need for the strongest possible action about over-prepared wickets.

This is the crux of the matter. Groundsmen may think it their duty to prepare wickets which are as perfect as possible. They may rub their hands gleefully, and say that their doped slabs will last till Christmas. They must be very forcibly convinced of the error of their ways.

It is the duty of groundsmen to prepare a good and fair wicket, but not one which deprives the bowler of all pace and spin. Wipe out the arts of bowling—and the Oval turf did that very thoroughly—and what is left? Merely an exercise in concentration for batsmen who will have to get themselves out.

It is true enough that the Australian attack at the Oval was lamentably weak. McCabe and Waite must have been the poorest pair of opening bowlers Australia have ever put into the field.

Even so, O'Reilly and Fleetwood-Smith were good enough to cause any side serious trouble in normal conditions, and it was pathetic to see them unable to spin the ball, and shorn of all their venom.

I do not apologise for harping on this question of over-prepared wickets. It is a matter of the gravest concern for all who love cricket, and it was well-nigh intolerable to sit at the Oval and watch the pitiful ghost of a great game.

There will be opposition to this point of view, I do not doubt. Opposition from those who argue that the public are only interested in runs, and that "timeless Tests" on perfect wickets therefore mean more money.

This I believe to be nonsense. The Oval match, to all intents and purposes, was finished in three days. After that it was merely a matter of how long the Australian batsmen could survive. And the public will not pay for anticlimax. Give us fighting finishes on wickets which hold the balance between batsmen and bowlers reasonably even, and our grounds will be crowded indeed.

(Concluded on page iv)

At Stoke D'Abernon the Junior Polo Cup was won by the Crofters from Bosworth, and presented to them by Mrs. Alex Barclay; it was donated by Mr. R. W. Hall. Left to right here are A. Gaselee, M. D. Blair, Mrs. Barclay and Captain Alex Barclay, H. Gaselee

At Newtyle in a butt high above the Valley of Strathmore was a distinguished gun: the Speaker, Captain E. A. Fitzroy. He was a guest of Sir Charles Cayzer for his grouse shoot at Kinpurnie Castle, Newtyle, Angus

To a Finish

Incidents of the Last Test at the Oval

Bradman and Hardstaff congratulate Hutton on beating the former's record score of 334

The heavy total of 903 shows above the heavy roller which helped the batsmen to pile it up

In the Australian first innings, Wood makes a superb catch off Bowes' bowling to dismiss Barnett for two

Last Wednesday England beat Australia in a play-to-a-finish Test match by an innings and 579 runs. This victory was in many ways a hollow one. The Ashes were already secured to Australia. The Australian team was two batsmen short when they faced the gigantic English total of 903 runs: Fingleton and Bradman were both injured. Furthermore, although the evening papers were selling like hot cakes, the actual gate receipts at the Oval of £17,433 were a disappointment to both sides. On the day after the match the newsheets discussed what they were pleased to call "timeless Tests" and Sir Pelham Warner among others openly condemned limitless matches. He also deprecated the doctored wickets of to-day and, if his words take effect, the fifth Test will not have been played in vain

In this hole made by Fleetwood-Smith, Don Bradman slipped while bowling, fractured his tibia, retired from the match

The second Australian innings ends 579 runs short of England's total; Edrich, Fleetwood-Smith and Hutton grab stumps

Crowds acclaim Leonard Hutton on the pavilion balcony: see page 326 for other acclamations

The Girls

By Eleanor E. Helme

MRS. CRITCHLEY, otherwise Diana Fishwick, always did take one's breath away. When she was winning the Girls' Championship with neatness and dispatch, "stop-watching Diana" was the fashionable sport. Not "She 's out in the thirties!" was the cry, but "She 's out in forty-five minutes!" panted apoplectic Pressmen as they tottered past the club-house at the double. And so, true to type, we have hardly taken in her win of the Belgian Championship, the German Championship, the German Mixed Foursomes with General Critchley as her invaluable partner, before hearing that she and the General have been married at the British Consulate in Paris and are now en route to America, allowing nobody time to wish them well, send them a present, or do any of the other appropriate things. She found time, however, to post an entry form for Ranelagh from Paris, written in her own fair fist, with Mrs. Philip Hill as partner. At 10 joint-handicap they are a formidable pair. I wonder if the bride quietly means to step in and win the American Championship over the heads of our British Curtis Cup team? Funnier things than that have happened before now, and American golfers, remembering how she beat their Glenna Collett in the final of the 1930 Championship at Formby, she a mere slip of a girl in her teens, would be the last to take her lightly. After all, Mrs. Critchley, having won the Girls' Championship twice, then won the Open, the English, the French—the list grows tedious, and if one were to add on all the mixed foursomes she and the General have won together, would be interminable. It only remains for them to be the first husband-and-wife pair to win Worplesdon. Who knows?

Talking of family pairs, let no one forget the Burhill open amateur scratch mixed foursome knock-out tournament for pairs composed of fathers and daughters and mothers and sons. The Stroyans are the holders, September 14th and following days the date, and entries close first post September 5th. There are a goodly selection of couples already entered, and once again the club offers a family bonus, waiving all entry-fees to a family which supplies both a father-and-daughter and a mother-and-son couple.

The Autumn Foursomes Entry Form is on page iv

No doubt several girls who have played at Stoke Poges will be competing, but which of them will be bearing the title of Girl champion who would dare to foretell? Not I, certainly. Of course, on paper the holder should go on holding. Lally Vagliano at seventeen is doubtless an even finer golfer than she was at sixteen, and her French handicap is now scratch. French handicaps do not flatter.

This bids fair to be an extremely interesting Girls', with plenty of competitors who have distinguished themselves in grown-up golf already. For instance, the respective Scottish and English captains in the preliminary International match are Sheila Stroyan and Joan Pemberton, the one holding the Dutch Championship for the second time, the other runner-up this year in the Cheshire, and both with L.G.U. handicaps of 3. Maureen Ruttle, who plays second for England, was runner-up in the Middlesex and went through plenty of rounds in the Open before just going out to Miss Corlett—against which Scotland can tell how Pamela Brown took that first-class player to the last green in the same event.

Morag Morrison holds the club championship of Prestonfield; Anne Scargill was the only Yorkshire junior to win her two matches against Lancashire when the counties' junior teams—they do not call them second teams in the Northern division—met; Sheila Oakley, who enters from Royal Hobart, Tasmania, but has played all her golf so far in Yorkshire, has been winning any amount of prizes in the second handicap division of open meetings all over that county, though she has only played the game for three months. It is excellent to see an Australian entry—Joan Devine, from Royal Melbourne—and the French contingent is very strong this year.

The draw has turned out well, seeding of the lowest handicaps keeping the supposedly best players apart for at least two rounds. But the more one sees of this event, the more certain does it seem that you never can tell. Match-playing ability may have little relation to handicap, and what a young player does at her home club may be a very different thing to her form under strange conditions, of course, and the excitement of a championship. One thing is sure—that nobody, whatever their age or handicap, or however badly they may happen to have been playing beforehand, need ever give up hope. The most sudden turns of luck so often happen; one good shot will make all the difference to confidence, just as one bad one does; the best player may strike a bad patch, the least experienced a good one.

Otherwise, what would be the use of playing any championship?

Sheila Oakley

Is a newcomer to the "Bystander" girls' open championship which opens at Stoke Poges on September 7th. She is, in fact, almost a newcomer to golf, having only played twelve weeks, but has already won several prizes. Her father is a well-known Tasmanian golfer

At North Berwick *the season is in full swing and its exhilarating links are well peopled each day. The final for the Grahame Cup was played last week, with the result that Miss Jean Donald (left) was beaten at the twentieth by Mrs. Robin Bushman*

Lady Long of Wraxall, *who is driving from the Point Garry tee, is a North Berwick golfing regular. She is the second of the Hon. Guy Charteris' three attractive daughters*

Miss Rosemary Grosvenor, *another North Berwick regular, is driving from Perfection tee. Her mother, Lady Dorothy Charteris, is the great-aunt by marriage of Lady Long (left)*

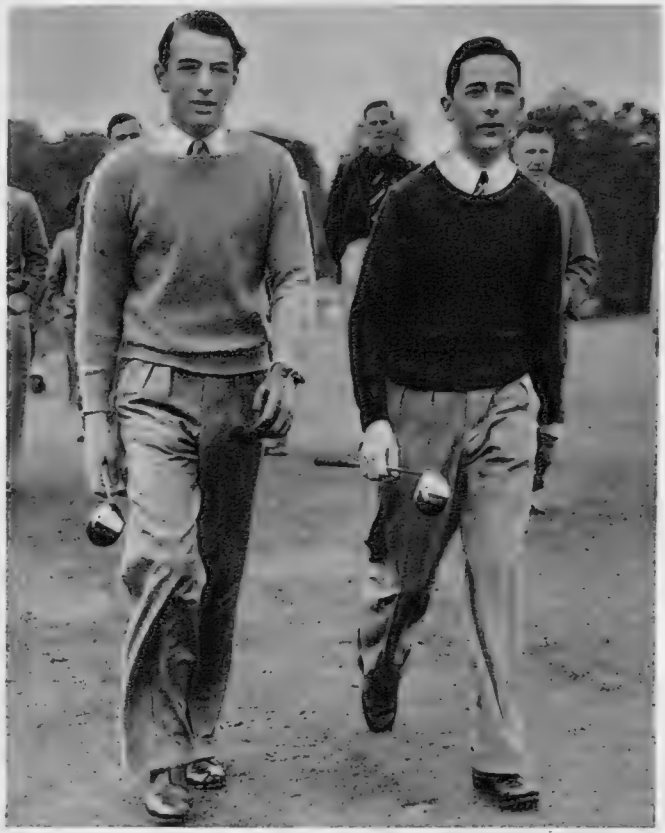
The Boys at Moor Park

Thomas Snowball, *of Romford, was one of England's two hopes in the last eight. Sixteen years old, handicap 4, he has won several scratch prizes in senior competitions*

Tom Hiley *was England's other chance in the last eight, but he was beaten by Considine one up in the fifth round. He entered from Southport*

Oliver Wynn, *of Glasgow High School, reached the fourth round by beating Donaldson, the favourite (see p. 347). He reached the last eight by beating Gledhill*

R. M. Lees, *of Liberton, Edinburgh, played for Scotland in the International, beat the English captain's victor, Bryce, in the 4th, but was beaten by Wynn in the 5th*



The Captains *for the International match which, as usual, preceded the Championship, were Crawford Gray (Troon) of the victorious Scottish side, and R. J. White (Birkdale). Neither got further than the second round in the Championship*

Kenneth Walker, *seventeen, a Harrovian whose parents live near Inverness, plays Rugger and cricket for his school. He golfs very fast*

Jackie Reid, *of Dullatur, is the son of the Lenzie, Glasgow, professional. He was beaten in the fifth round at Moor Park by Snowball, by one hole*

William Smeaton *was the "killer" of the Championship, in which he played for the fourth and last time. He is the Bothwell professional's son*

I. D. M. Considine, *who is only fifteen, entered the last eight by beating Abe Mitchell's son. He plays golf and Rugger for Merchiston Castle School*

In the Air To-morrow

By Charles Ward

The Imperial "Ensign"

AEROPLANES do not differ from other articles of commerce in the disparity noticed between promise and performance. If the prototype is up to specification, then production models are often disappointing. When an aircraft, such as the Short "Empire" flying-boat, exceeds its design figures, everyone offers congratulations to the makers, for it 's a rare occurrence. Last week, official reports were circulated to the effect that the "Ensign" from Armstrongs was also up on performance, and this in spite of rumours to the contrary. Four are ready for delivery and the remainder are scheduled to appear at monthly intervals. Maximum level speed obtained at Martlesham is in excess of 200 miles per hour and payload is up by 500 pounds, or nearly three people plus normal baggage. Total loaded weight is 21 tons, and seats are provided for forty passengers in Europe or 20 sleeping berths for use in the East. The "Ensign" is the most impressive land air-liner yet built; its monocoque cabin, studded with windows like the portholes of a ship, being 114 feet long, and the wing-span 123 feet. Maximum engine output at the take-off is 3600 horse-power, sufficient to leave the ground in 20 seconds. On the Eastern route from Alexandria to Calcutta, eight of the "Ensigns" will maintain the Indian mail route, dealing with about 1800 pounds of letters, in addition to passengers, on each flight. Indian personnel will be employed whenever qualified men are available. Captain Nevill Vintcent, who directs the Tata Air-Lines, says that the Indian pilot is excellent. His company's routes are operated entirely by Indian personnel.

Non-Stop Journeys

EXPERIMENTS in mid-air launching are taking an unexpected turn. One of the "Ensigns" is to be modified so that a land-plane version of "Mercury" can be carried on its back, and this will be the signal for an alternative attack on the distance record to that being made with Vickers "Wellesleys" by the R.A.F. Also, for the North Atlantic mail route, an all-the-year-round schedule could be maintained with a landplane, whereas ice prevents flying-boats or seaplanes from operating during 4 to 6 months of the year. Meantime, "Mercury's" next flight is to be towards the Cape or the Far East, depending on favourable winds and weather, leaving the final Atlantic experiments to the flying-boats and the "Albatross." For Royal Air Force purposes, mid-air launches and refuelling in the air are taking on a new significance. The result of Imperial Airways' tests are available to the Air Ministry at all times. Last year, the R.A.F. took note of the remarkable performance of the "Empire" boat and ordered a considerable number for Service use. Known as the "Sunderland," six of these flying battleships have already been delivered to Singapore, and two more are due to fly there before the end of the year. A sum approaching £300,000 was contributed by the Sultans and people of the Malay States towards the cost of this up-to-date squadron. The "Sunderland" has more power than its commercial sister-ship—more than 4000 horse-power from four Bristol "Pegasus" engines. Average cruising speeds over long non-stop stages on the delivery flights have been as high as 180 miles per hour.

Mrs. F. G. Miles, who has been appointed a Commissioner of the Civil Air Guard, is seen with her husband at Reading. She assists him in the design calculations and is also a pilot of considerable skill

Regal Transport

THE Duke and Duchess of Gloucester flew in three different types of aircraft on their trip to Kenya. The first stage to Marseilles was made in the Air Council's de H. "Express"—the stage from Egypt to Kisumu by Imperial Airways' flying-boat, and the final one to Nakuru in a "Rapide" belonging to Wilson Airways. The King still uses the Airspeed "Envoy" as fast transport for home journeys, and two of the same type have been ordered for the Viceroy of India. They are to be flown out next month, one piloted by Air-Marshal Sir Philip Joubert de la Ferté, who is the A.O.C., India.

Flying at Home

COMMENTS from the tarmac are almost entirely concerning the Air Guard scheme—whether it will work, when it will start, how many new 'planes will be in the air by next spring. The "Tipsy" two-seater in its C.A.G. form appears most economical to fly. At a cruising speed of 100 miles per hour, its official consumption is given as 3¼ gallons. Top speed is 110 and range with two up is 350 miles. The problem of insurance has been tackled successfully by offering the clubs block policies, and units of £100 up to a maximum of £1000 will be be available as soon as the scheme gets under way. Lloyd's will underwrite these block policies.

The wedding of Miss Phyllis Verdon-Roe, eldest daughter of Sir Alliott Verdon-Roe, the pioneer aircraft-designer and pilot, to Flt. Lieut. J. H. G. Sarll, son of Baron and Baroness Sarll, took place at Hamble Parish Church. Hamble is intimately associated with "A.V.," for hundreds of the famous "Avros" have been built and flown from its aerodrome by the shore

Wallace of Candacraig Receives

The Countess of Airlie Receives

Highland Games

Mr. Alexander Wallace acted host at the Lonach Highland Gathering at Strathdon. One of his guests—in plus fours—was the Premier Baron of Scotland and 22nd holder of the title—Lord Forbes; Lady Forbes is with him

Taking the Baby Out

Lady Airlie is receiving not guests but a bouquet of wild flowers, after she had opened the Cortachy Horticultural Society's annual show. Lord Airlie applauds

Left: Nanny holds two-year-old Fiona Margaret Munro, who was attending her first Cortachy Games, while her mother, Lady Munro, looks at the programme. She is Sir Torquil Munro's second wife

Right: Lord Lyell, who married Major and Lady Betty Trafford's daughter Sophie in July, came back from the honeymoon in time for the Highland Games, the first of which was to carry the new Lady Lyell over the threshold of their Angus home

Below are Col. the Hon. Evan Baillie arriving at the Northern meeting at Inverness with the Mackintosh of Mackintosh, who came over from Moy Hall

Bringing the Bride Home

Below: the weather was not so good for the 63rd Strathardle Games in the Aldchlappie Park, Kirkmichael, Perthshire, as the mackintoshes of Lady Anson and her uncle, Lord Blackburn, show

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

THE Royal Automobile Club is to be congratulated heartily on the excellence of the entry it has secured for its Tourist Trophy Race which is to be run at Donington Park next Saturday. Thirty-eight first-rate entries, representing England, France, Germany and Italy, and eighteen different makes of car have been attracted, seventeen of the competitors being British and twenty-one foreign.

The race is for sports cars with a minimum weight and wheel-base, based on engine capacity, and all the competitors are required to run on ordinary standard grades of pump fuel. No replenishment will be permitted during the race, so the cars must start with enough fuel in their tanks to carry them right through. This point, by the way, is of more than apparent interest, for, as the tanks get about three-quarters emptied, the remaining petrol will surge about as the cars are cornered, which will all add to the drivers' difficulties, for a bulk of fuel swirling from side to side in the tank considerably interferes with balance and controllability suffers in consequence. Also, do not forget that this is going to occur late on in the race when the drivers are growing tired.

The British entry is strong and includes two Aston Martins (one of which is a works entry), to be driven by A. P. Rolt and St. John Horsfall respectively; two very welcome newcomers in an S.S. with Cudden Fletcher at the wheel, and J. Elliot's Triumph, which recently did well in Ireland. In all there are five Rileys, with Percy Maclure—the uncrowned king of Donington—Gerrard and Gee amongst the drivers; a lone Morgan, to be driven by Laird; three Singers, the Barnes brothers in charge of two of them; two H.R.G.'s, with Hillegaart, a German driver, at the wheel of one and P. C. T. Clark the other; and two M.G.'s.

France will be represented by Darracq, Delahaye, Delage, and Bugatti, with such famous drivers as Dreyfus, Comotti (winner of last year's T.T.), Etancelin, Carriere, Gerard and, if he has recovered sufficiently from his Brooklands crash, Joseph Paul. Drivers of Italy's representatives will include Cortese—their champion sports car driver—on an Alfa-Romeo; Villoresi and Minette on Lancias; Minio with a Fiat and Gordini (in my opinion a likely winner, if his car lasts) on a Simca-Fiat. Although the German B.M.W.'s will all be handled by British drivers, the German factory is sending over a complete staff of German mechanics and the amazing repair-lorry which accompanies all German racing teams.

German Grand Prix winner Richard Seaman will be No. 1 driver of the B.M.W.'s, with "Bira," Fane and Aldington completing the official entry and D. H. Murray and the Hon. Peter Aitken rounding off their entry. Murray's car, by the way, is the actual one which Pat Fairfield was driving at Le Mans last year when he was involved in the accident which cost him his life. Miss Dorothy Turner at the wheel of an M.G. will be the only woman driver in this year's race, the prize-money for which totals £1500.

As was the case last year, the B.B.C. will again broadcast two periods of the race from Donington, and my own microphone will be at the notorious Hairpin Bend—though precisely why this corner is so named will for ever be a mystery to me, for the angle of the corner is something over ninety degrees!

A Motor Magnate and a Horse

Mr. Jack Barclay takes an occasional change from the Rolls-Royce business (he has increased his capital twice in the last two years), by riding in the Row

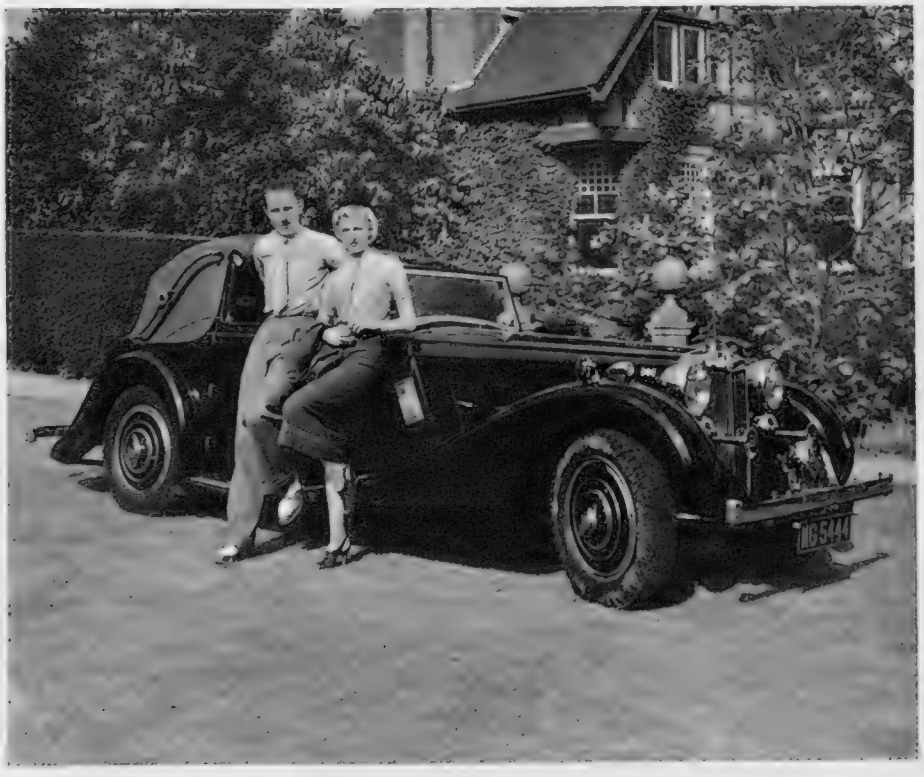
THE sudden cancellation of the German Records Week in October set Major Gardner the task of finding somewhere else to take his lovely little M.G., and at the time of writing he had not definitely decided where his run will be made. His choice lay between Gyon, in Hungary—the stretch of autobahn near Budapest on which Eric Fernihough crashed—and one of the Italian autostrada. The Hungarians are tremendously keen to have Gardner take his car to Gyon, and they have written him a most cordial letter to that effect, but it is my personal belief that, notwithstanding this, the M.G. will ultimately go to Italy for the attempt.

In order to qualify for records in International Class F (1500 c.c.) as well as in Class G (1100 c.c.), it will be necessary for the car to make separate runs with engines of the proper size (even though his Class G speed might beat the previous best in Class F)—it's just an old A.I.A.C.R. custom!—and so, when he has disposed of the required records in the smaller class, Major Gardner proposes to have the cylinders of the engine bored out to the appropriate capacity and run again.

THE recent prevalence of thunderstorms has brought the R.A.C. a number of enquiries from drivers of cars as to what is the best procedure when caught on the road by a severe thunderstorm. In the Club's opinion, people inside a saloon car are not subjected to danger during such a storm on account of the "Faraday Cage" effect of the body and chassis. The Club suggest, however, that it is desirable to reduce the speed of the car, especially when driving in flat country, since if a trail of rarefied air is created in the rear of the car, any electric discharge is attracted. Also, the windows on the side of the car from which the wind is blowing should be closed, as lightning strokes have a way of following draughts.

If a driver wishes to seek shelter during a thunderstorm and there is no building near at hand, the R.A.C. advises him to drive his car beneath trees having a smooth bark, such as beech, sycamore, or horse-chestnut, avoiding high-standing groups of trees and particularly pines or other conifers, oaks, and elms.

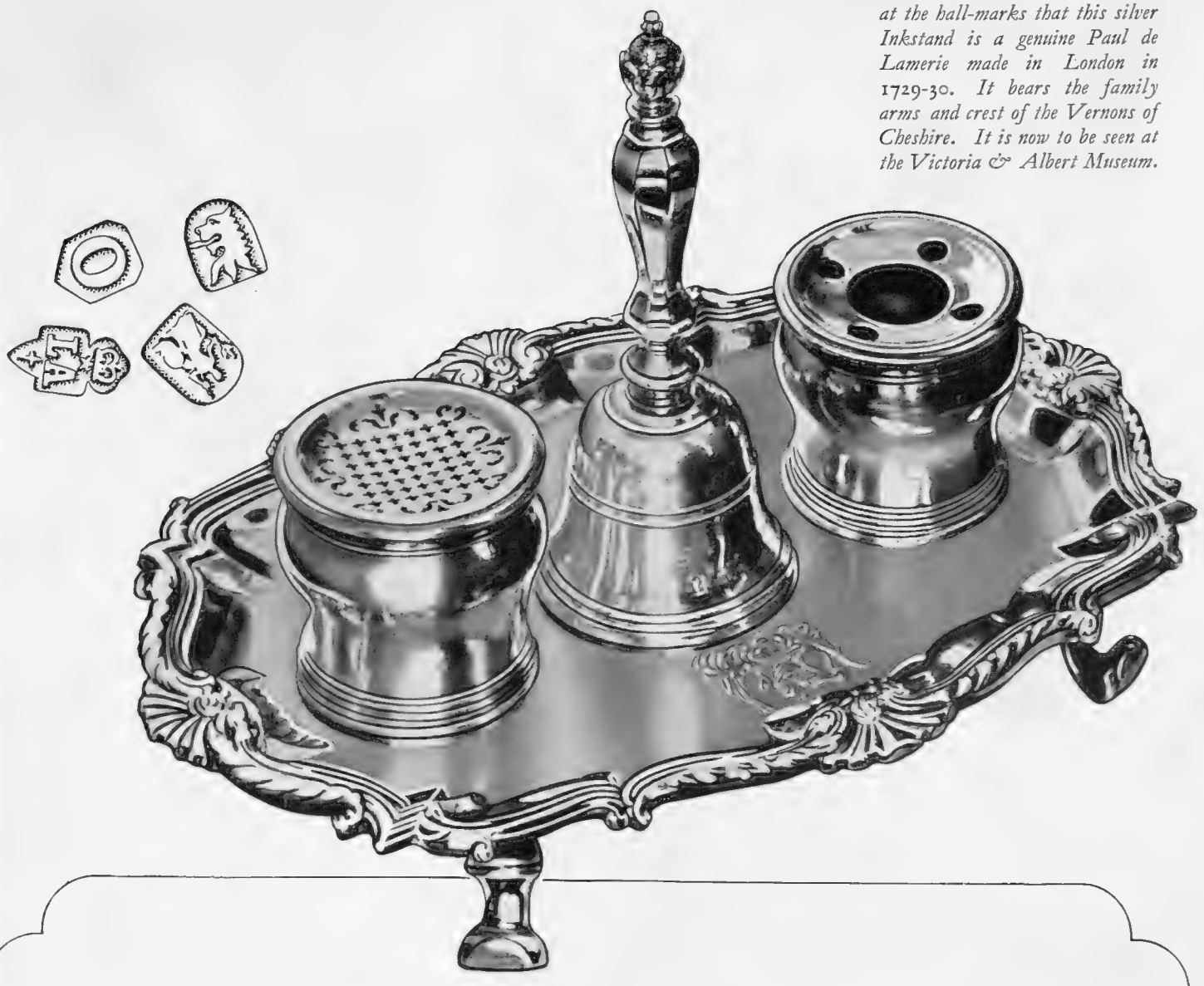
Yew have been warned!



A Film Star and a Car

The film star is Corinne Luchaire, now returned to France on the completion chez Korda of "Prison Without Bars." The car is a 2-litre M.G. Miss Luchaire's handsome companion is lively Tony Downing, who bears up well under his pompous title at London Films: Director of Exploitation

Collectors can tell by a glance at the hall-marks that this silver Inkstand is a genuine Paul de Lamerie made in London in 1729-30. It bears the family arms and crest of the Vernons of Cheshire. It is now to be seen at the Victoria & Albert Museum.

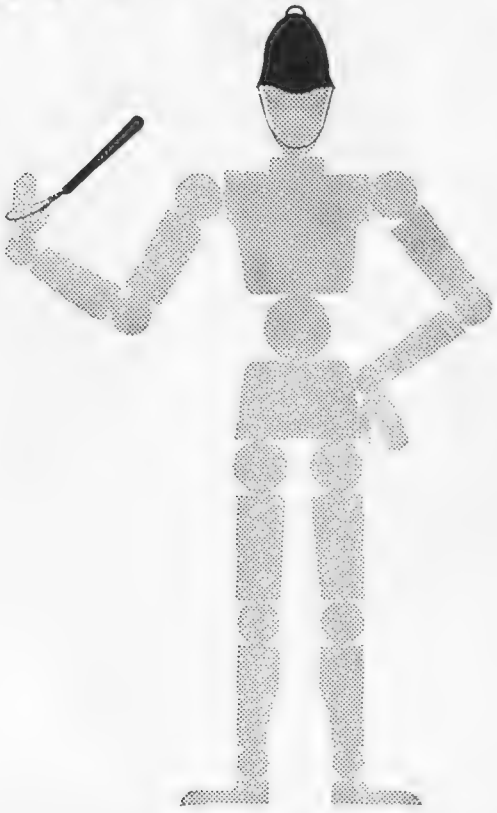


HALL-MARKS OF QUALITY

Judges of ale recognise with approval that other mark of quality — the Bass Red Triangle, familiar all the world over as distinguishing the Vintage Ale of England

Issued by Bass, Ratcliff & Gretton, Ltd., Burton-on-Trent, England

"No Dry-Starting When I'm About"



WHAT IS DRY-STARTING? When your engine stops, the oil tends to drain back into the sump, leaving the cylinder walls bare. The moisture formed by combustion condenses on the cylinders and causes "cold corrosion." When you restart the engine it takes a few seconds for the oil to circulate properly, during which time cylinders and bearings are without the protective film of oil normally present when the engine is running. This "dry-starting," coupled with "cold corrosion," causes more wear than miles of ordinary running.

HOW THE NEW SHELL OIL PREVENTS "DRY-STARTING." The new Shell oil contains an oily concentrate which is exclusive to Shell. It is produced from the crude oil itself and is added to fortify the refined oil and to replace the oiliness which modern refining methods tend to remove. Besides improving lubrication this concentrate has the property of making the oil cling to bearings and cylinder walls, thus providing constant protection and preventing "dry-starting" and resultant wear.

NEW SHELL LUBRICATING OIL

THE ONLY OIL USED AND RECOMMENDED BY

HUMBER AND HILLMAN

Business Lady

(Continued from page 341)

"I say," he stammered, and the quick blush which was one of the torments of his existence covered his face, "haven't you—won't you——"

He had been going to say something about her explaining what had happened — a fatuous suggestion, as he well knew — but the lady interrupted him.

"Do you know," she said severely, "that I could call a policeman and give you in charge for accosting?"

The insult stung David to courage and coherence.

"Do you know," he returned hardily, "that I could call a policeman and give you in charge for shoplifting?"

There followed a moment pregnant with possibilities. Then the lady's manner changed. With the air of one at last recognising an old friend, she laid a hand on his arm.

"We must talk this over," she declared, "and we can't do it here. Let's go and have a drink and be comfy."

She hailed a crawling taxi, gave the driver an address, and jumped in.

"Come on, ducky!" she cried. "I want a drink bad, and I shan't say a word till I've got it."

David followed her resolutely into the taxi. In a suddenly chaotic world but one fixed point remained—his duty to stick to this fantastic person till, in some way yet to be discovered, some measure of justice should be done.

IN the golden-gleaming room with its consciously luxurious appointments, its glittering bar, its cynically obsequious waiters, David felt painfully unsophisticated. Fortunately, his companion had taken charge of the situation, had found a small table in a remote corner, ordered the drinks and bidden the waiter tell the barman to get a move on. Now they were facing each other over two small glasses containing a pale fluid with a white froth on top that was new in David's experience.

"Chin-chin!" said the lady, grasping one of the glasses. She swallowed half its contents and added ambiguously, "I always say you can't beat a White Lady—not when you're tired. Aren't you going to offer me a cigarette?"

With another blush David produced his case. He took a cigarette himself and sipped his drink cautiously. It was very pleasant, sweet and strong, and productive of a warmish glow that ran all through him. And suddenly he blurted out:

"Those links, you know. You took them."

The lady finished her drink, nodded to the cynical waiter, and said: "Same again, George," and then to David softly:

"Well, what about it? Going to give me in charge?"

David drained his glass with what he felt to be a decisive gesture. He had a curious sensation of being both strong and tender, infallibly just, yet infinitely merciful.

"No," he said quietly, "I shall not give you in charge, but the links must be returned. Oh, why did you do it?" he added with a sudden burst of feeling.

The lady also seemed to be considerably affected.

"Can't help it," she said with a kind of mournful exaltation. "If I see a thing asking for it—well, there you are, it has to go. Klep-something, they call it. Always was like that."

A silence fell while the new drinks were set before them and lasted till they had disappeared.

"God," said the lady suddenly and strongly, "God made us as we are."

She meditated a moment and added unexpectedly:

"Clean and unclean, as the Good Book says."

There was another silence, while David sought vainly for words. The lady regarded him intently.

"Come *on*," said the lady, gathering her handbag and the large muff. "Pay him and let's go. Four quid down the drain, but never mind if it makes you happy. Only you'll have to take 'em back—can't expect me to do that. Come *on*."

She rose and made for the door. David was feeling strangely carefree and elated. He put a ten-shilling note on the table, made a comprehensive gesture to the waiter, and followed to where a taxi yawned for him in the windy street.

"Russell and Robinson's," he said, and got in with a negligible stumble. Already the lady had opened her bag, and at once he recognised the little case she held in her hand. She leaned across him and thrust the case into the breast-pocket of his overcoat. Suddenly her lips were on his. They were warm and sweet and a little sticky, and they were stirring the strangest sensation in David when they were withdrawn. The lady sat up and laughed not very pleasantly.

"It's a pity," she said unintelligibly, "but — business is business. It's got to be."

A moment later the cab stopped.

"Here you are," said the lady abruptly. "I shall go on. Good-bye."

She almost pushed him out, and in a moment David was standing on the pavement fingering the little case.

"It's a beastly business," he thought; "let's get it over!"

He turned into the big, arcaded entrance, but paused for a moment to look at his beloved links again.

The case was empty.

THE END.

Radiate pleasure everywhere
PLAYER'S NAVY CUT
20 FOR 1 1½
50 FOR 2'5
NCC 437A
PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES Medium or Mild PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED

Summer Sport

(Continued from page 348)

Look back over the records thirty years ago, and you will find that nearly all Test matches were finished in three days. There were great players then, moreover, batsmen developed in the hard school of difficult conditions, and bowlers encouraged to subtlety and skill by turf which helped their art.

Groundsmen may say that it is exceedingly hard to prepare a natural wicket which will be reasonably fair to both sides. It may be hard, but it is not impossible, and it is the groundsman's job. He will have to start learning his job afresh, and we must hope that the responsible authorities will give him the necessary orders.

It is reasonable to suggest that if it is impossible to secure reasonably lively wickets at the Oval, Test matches in the future should be played elsewhere. An end must be made of this nonsense for good and all.

So much for that, though a natural indignation makes it almost impossible to turn to any other topic. Cricket is too fine a game to be thus distorted and mocked, but if the Oval travesty turns us into the paths of sanity again we shall not have endured the horrors of that fantastic match in vain.

Let us, at any rate, condole with Bradman. That he should have fractured a shin-bone while bowling, of all things, was supremely ironical. It was as if Joe Louis had broken a wrist while playing spillikens. The match, indeed, had been redeemed from utter futility by the magnificent Australian fielding, and Bradman himself had set an example of sustained vitality and brilliance which must rank as one of his finest cricketing performances.

Polo in Vittel

The Hon. Mrs. Bowes-Lyon presented the Coupe de France 1938 to Capt. Ethuin, of the 12th Chasseurs of Sedan, after his team had won it at Vittel. Right is Prince de Beauvan-Craon, president of the Vittel Polo Club

I see, incidentally, that Sir Pelham Warner has very properly expressed strong views about timeless Tests and the Oval wicket. He suggests, at the same time, that England must find some new bowlers, and there, also, we are bound to agree with him. May I suggest, though, that the production of bowlers depends to a large extent upon the wickets which develop their skill, and that there is thus a vital link between the quality of English cricket and the conditions in which it is played ?

In a sense, it is a relief to turn to other sporting affairs, such as the forthcoming fight between Jack Doyle and Eddie Phillips. I shall never forget Doyle hammering a small, thick-set Frenchman named Bouquillon to the canvas at the Albert Hall as if he were driving in tent-pegs, and all his fights have produced incidents ranging from the comic to the pathetic.

He will find Phillips a tough customer, for Phillips can hit like a steam-hammer, and as a boxer he makes Doyle look like a novice. Even so, that terrific punch of Doyle's may settle the affair in one grand slam, and we are likely to have a tolerably exhilarating evening.

Finally, a word of sympathy for George Eyston, who broke all the land speed records at Utah last week, though he was robbed of triumph in his first attempt by the failure of the timing apparatus. By the time you read this he may have succeeded, though he will assuredly remember the bitterness of the moment when he discovered that his first tremendous effort had been in vain.

The "Bystander"

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES

(17th Year) Ranelagh, October 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th, 1938

and

LADIES' ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES

(13th Year) Roehampton, October 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th, 1938.

By kind invitation of the respective clubs.

RANELAGH: Challenge Cups and replicas to winners, prizes to runners-up and semi-finalists.

ROEHAMPTON: Prizes to winners, runners-up and semi-finalists.

CONDITIONS

Entries, made on the accompanying entrance form, will be received up to Friday, September 16th, *without limit of number or handicap, and will be acknowledged by postcard.*

On September 16th the 128 couples with the lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Ranelagh; playing limit for any couple, 18. The 128 couples with the next lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Roehampton; playing limit for any couple, 30. The remaining couples will be placed in order of their joint handicaps on a waiting list from which vacancies will be filled. In the case of two or more couples having the same handicap, priority of entry will decide their order.

If more than 256 couples enter, vacancies caused by withdrawals in the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh will be filled by the lowest handicap couples in the Roehampton Foursomes: vacancies in the Roehampton Foursomes by the lowest handicap couples on the waiting list. Should there be no waiting list, walk-overs will be given to the opponents in whichever tournament the scratching occurs.

Reductions of handicap should be notified at once to Miss E. E. Helme.

The eight lowest handicap pairs in each tournament will be seeded.

Pairs who have reached any Bystander Foursomes final during 1937 or 1938, whether Autumn, Northern, Scottish or Roehampton, will, if entering together, have the option of being put into the Ranelagh draw whatever their handicap, but cannot play on more than the limit of 18. Such entries should be clearly marked *Finalists*, and the entrants *must* state in which tournament they wish to play.

Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps; and from any other players at the discretion of the Bystander.

Both foursomes will be played as match play tournaments under ⅞ths of the difference in combined handicaps, limited as above. Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes, if any, being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and in the event of the original partner failing, may substitute another up to the time play starts, *if they notify Miss E. E. Helme* of the change.

The Proprietors of the Bystander reserve to themselves the right to accept or refuse any entry and to alter or amend any of these conditions. The decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

ENTRANCE FORM

Ranelagh and Roehampton, 1938. No Entrance Fee

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, the Bystander, 32-34, St. Bride Street London, E.C.4, not later than Friday, September 16th.

Ladies' Autumn Foursomes—
Ranelagh, October 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th

Roehampton Foursomes—
Roehampton, October 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th

(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* .....*Club*

L.G.U Handicap.....

Home Address.....

..... *Telephone No*.....

To play in whichever of the above Foursomes she is eligible for by handicap with her partner

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address.....

.....*Telephone No*.....

Any alteration of partner or handicap, change of address or telephone number, to be notified at once please, to Miss Helme at the above address.

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY
THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON AUGUST

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

.....

Printed in England by The Illustrated London News & Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., at 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—Wednesday, August 31, 1938. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office.
American Agents: International News Company, New York. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

August 31—September 6

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

COMEDIENNE.—A brilliant virtuoso performance by Lilian Braithwaite as a temperamental actress, in Ivor Novello's play: Haymarket, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

GLORIOUS MORNING.—A tragedy with a deep theme, sincerely written and acted; Jessica Tandy, Reginald Tate, Herbert Lomas: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

GOLDEN BOY.—First-class acting by a new all-American cast in Clifford Odets' vividly alive play about a young violinist-boxer: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

IDIOT'S DELIGHT.—A powerful and topical play about individuals who get caught in the war machine; Raymond Massey, Tamara Geva, with excellent support: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

LAST TRAIN SOUTH.—Aristocrats *v.* revolutionaries in a modern (Russian) setting, with modern noises and much shouting, give Flora Robson, Greta Gynt, John Abbott parts that they do more than justice to: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

LOT'S WIFE.—A malicious comedy, its wit well pointed by J. H. Roberts and Nora Swinburne as an oil-king Mr. Lot and his wife: Aldwych, 8.30. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.

POISON PEN.—This drama of village life, half serious and psychological, half humorous, has Walter Fitzgerald and Dorothy Black: Garrick, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.—Philip Merivale and Gladys Cooper head the cast as Oberon and Theseus: Open Air Theatre, 8.15.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares in St. John Ervine's amusing and stimulating play about a parson married to a doctor: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SHE TOO WAS YOUNG.—Impeccable period (1870) atmosphere and sympathetic parts for Esme Percy, Marie Ney, Edmund Gwenn, Dorothy Hyson, Ann Todd in a quiet emotional story: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THOU SHALT NOT —.—An English version of Zola's *Therèse Raquin*, with Nancy Price in the name part: Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

THE FLEET'S LIT UP.—Stanley Lupino supplies the humour, Frances Day and Adele Dixon the glamour in a nautically tinged musical: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

FRIVOLITÉS DE FRANCE.—Naunton Wayne and fifty girls represent the wit and the beauty of this show: Prince of Wales, 2-11.30 non-stop.

MARITZA.—Good music and light sentiments of the Viennese model are half-translated into English by Mara Losseff, Douglas Byng, Shaun Glenville: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

NINE SHARP.—Herbert Farjeon's intimate revue is witty and 85 per cent. bull's-eye hits, and the cast is headed by Hermione Baddeley and Cyril Ritchard: Little, 9 sharp. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 108.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

VARIETY.—Gene Gerrard, Snake-hips Johnson and others: Coliseum, 6.20 and 9. Sat., 2.30.

VARIETY.—Harry Roy and Will Fyffe head the bill: Palladium, 6.25 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

WILD OATS.—Sydney Howard, Arthur Riscoe, and Vera Pearce win and spend a football pool; unpretentious and very funny: Prince's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

BANANA RIDGE.—Olga Lindo is with Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton in a far from original but very funny farce: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—This old-timer is as fresh and funny as ever, with Mackenzie Ward and Guy Middleton in the leads: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—The family laughter success with Jane Baxter at the head of an excellent cast takes a new lease: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

"Last Train South"

Flora Robson and John Abbott do some tense looking, as well as some loud shouting, in the Priestley-Dean presentation at St. Martin's Theatre. It is set in Russia of the revolution—note Abbott's Soviet collar and tie

SPRING MEETING.—A sketch of the lighter side of Irish life, with little story, but amusing acting by Arthur Sinclair, Roger Livesey, Zena Dare: Ambassadors, 8.30 Wed., Fri., 2.30.

Drama Festivals

BUXTON.—The Old Vic company in a Shakespeare, Sheridan and Pinero programme.

STRATFORD.—Representative Shakespeare programme throughout the summer at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon 8. Wed., Sat. 2.30.

First Nights

RUNNING RIOT.—Henson, Emney, Hearne, Louise Browne and the Gaiety gang in their new musical: Gaiety, to-night, 31st.

THE FLASHING STREAM.—Charles Morgan's much-heralded first play; set in a fortress; played by Margaret Rawlings, Godfrey Tearle: Lyric, Thurs, 1st.

CINEMAS

BLOCKADE (American).—Madeleine Carroll and Henry Fonda in the Spanish war: Marble Arch Pavilion.

THE CROWD ROARS (American).—Robert Taylor is still being tough, this time as a boxer, managed by Frank Morgan, loved by Maureen O'Sullivan: Empire.

THE DRUM (British).—Roger Livesey, Raymond Massey, Valerie Hobson, Sabu, in a splendid technicolour drama of the N.W. Frontier: Dominion.

THE EMPEROR OF CALIFORNIA (German).—Luis Trenker and Viktoria von Ballasko in the Tobis American historical film: Studio One.

GANGS OF NEW YORK (American).—Title speaks for itself; Charles Bickford and Ann Dvorak: London Pavilion.

GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT (American).—George Brent and Olivia de Havilland and a spectacular flood in an exciting tale of farmers *v.* miners in the West: Odeon.

THE LAST NIGHT (Russian).—Yarotskaya (" the Russian Marie Dressler ") leads in this slice of Soviet history—Moscow family history to a background of the October Revolution 1917: Academy.

THE MARKED MAN (French).—Jean Murat is a French spy in Germany who wins his country's love and also Viviane Romance's: Berkeley.

MATERNITÉ (French).—Francoise Rosay's classic: Rialto.

THE RAGE OF PARIS (American).—Douglas Fairbanks Junior opposite Danielle Darrieux in her first Hollywood film; how a French girl makes good in New York: Leicester Square.

THE SAINT IN NEW YORK (American).—Louis Hayward in a tough gangster episode: Carlton.

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS (American).—Walt Disney's full-length cartoon from the Grimm tale is gripping: New Gallery.

THE TEXANS (American).—A good tale of the South just after the Civil War; Joan Bennett is a rebel who finally becomes tamed by Randolph Scott: Plaza.

THREE MEN AND A GIRL (American).—The Ritz Brothers and Marjorie Weaver in an amusing expedition into Kentucky: Gaumont.

VICTORIA THE GREAT (British).—Herbert Wilcox's noble slice of English history, with Anna Neagle as the Queen, revives at the Curzon

A YANK AT OXFORD (British).—Good story, good atmosphere, smart acting by Robert Taylor, Edmund Gwenn, Maureen O'Sullivan, Vivien Leigh: Tivoli.

YELLOW SANDS (British).—Marie Tempest and Wilfred Lawson in Eden Phillpott's story: Regal.

BALLET

PALESTINIAN BALLET.—Rina Nikova's company, with songs and Biblical scenes, makes its first London appearance: Vaudeville, Thurs., 1st.

THE BALLET RUSSE DE MONTE CARLO.—Massine is first dancer and artistic director; season opens at Covent Garden, Monday, 5th.

MUSIC

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Sir Henry Wood conducts the B.B.C. Orchestra in his forty-fourth season at the Queen's Hall: nightly, 8.15.

TO-NIGHT, 31ST.—Brahms concert; violin and 'cello concerto (Antonio Brosa and Emanuel Feuermann), 1st Symphony, also Vaughan Williams, Bach, Busoni.

THURSDAY, 1ST.—Norman Walker in Handel and Stanford songs, Harriet Cohen in Bax's symphonic variations, also Elgar's " Pomp and Circumstance " march, Franck's D minor symphony.

FRIDAY, 2ND.—Beethoven concert; violin concerto in D (Albert Sammons), piano concerto in B flat (Frank Merrick), 1st symphony.

SATURDAY, 3RD.—Tchaikowsky concert; piano concerto in G (Moiseiwitsch), songs (Olga Haley), " Pathetic " symphony.

MONDAY, 5TH.—Wagner concert, with Oda Slobodskaya and Parry Jones; excerpts from the operas.

TUESDAY, 6TH.—Schumann-Schubert concert: the former's violin concerto in D minor (Jelly d'Aranyi), piano concerto in A minor (Maurice Cole), the latter's 9th symphony.

'PHONE REGent 6000
for your Theatre Seats
KEITH PROWSE
& Co., Ltd
159 New Bond St., W.1 & Branches everywhere
YOU want Best Seats WE have them

AND we have the Best Show
REVUDEVILLE
at the
WINDMILL
PICCADILLY CIRCUS

Getting Married:

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Navana

Mrs. G. N. H. Morris

Mrs. Morris was, before her marriage a fortnight ago, Edith Mary Burgess-Jones. She is the daughter of the late Flt.-Lt. A. Burgess-Jones and Mrs. M. Burgess-Jones, of 39, Glebe Place, Chelsea. George Noel Hampden Morris is the son of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Morris

Yevonde

Margaret Irene Marshall

Is the only daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. David Stuart Marshall, of Leckonby, Marple, Cheshire; she is to marry Nigel Anthony Lloyd, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lloyd, of Lea Croft, Noctorum, Cheshire

Pearl Freeman

Jennifer Crow

Is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Crow, of 27, Brunswick Square, Hove, and is engaged to J. R. Lang, R.N., second son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Lang, of Cleithaugh, Jedburgh

Pearl Freeman

Josephine Armstrong

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Armstrong, of Westoe House, South Shields, County Durham; her fiancé is Howard Thompson, only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Thompson, of Hetton Hall, Chatton, Northumberland

Cannons of Hollywood

Celia Stephens

Is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Stephens, of Upton Manor, Brixham, South Devon; she sails to India shortly to marry Captain P. Freke Evans, King's Own Royal Regt., son of Major and Mrs. F. H. Evans, of Co. Donegal

Vandyk

Rosemary Cox

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Cox, of 34, Denmark Avenue, Wimbledon; she is to marry Harry Stanley Beatty, son of the late A. H. Beatty, O.B.E., and Mrs. Beatty, of Douglas Mansions, Cromwell Road, S.W.7

Kay Vaughan

Margot McPherson

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. McPherson, of 28, Lancaster Gate Terrace, W.2, and is engaged to Captain John David Lamont, R.A., son of the late Capt. Limond and Mrs. Lamont, of 32, Beaufort Mansions, Chelsea

Yevonde

Anne Livesey

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Livesey, formerly of Brooklands, Cheshire, and is to marry James Derham-Reid, the Manchester Regt., eldest son of the late Dr. J. Derham-Reid and Mrs. Derham-Reid, of St. Annes-on-Sea

Catherine Bell

Honor Rose

Honor Diana Cecilia Rose, elder daughter of the late Rev. C. P. G. Rose and Mrs. Rose, of Cecilia Cobhambury, Cobham, Kent; she is to marry Dr. Bertram John Bickford, son of Dr. and Mrs. B. R. Bickford, of Torrington, Devon

Catherine Bell

Giacinta Muriel Nesham

Is the youngest daughter of the late Dr. R. A. Nesham and Mrs. Nesham, of 4, Craven Avenue, W.5; her fiancé is William Lewes Gower, only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Gower, of 174, Lansdowne Road, Tottenham

Catherine Bell

Cinthia Bartlett

Is the daughter of the late Major B. F. Bartlett, M.C., and Mrs. Bartlett, of Barn Colt, Stifford, Tilbury; she has announced her engagement to Roger Dutnall, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Dutnall, of 26, Summerlee Avenue, N.2

Peter Nort

Katherine Hopkins

Is the daughter of the late Flt Paymaster-in-Chief David B. I Hopkins and Mrs. Hopkins, of 31 Nevern Square, S.W.5; her fiancé Captain F. A. Dow, R.T.C., s of the late Dr. Dow and Mrs. Do of Southdown Cottage, Lew

Norie — Elles

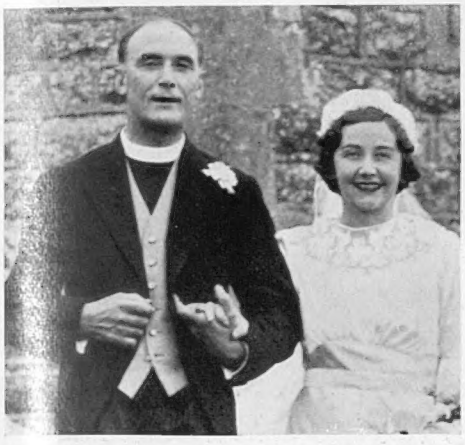
It was a Holy Trinity, Brompton, wedding between Captain Evelyn Norie, King's Own Royal Regiment, son of Colonel E. W. M. Norie and Mrs. L. M. Wynch, of Pine Hill, Camberley, and Claude Elles, elder daughter of Lieut.-General Sir Hugh and the late Lady Elles, of 7, Foulis Terrace, S.W.7

McIver — Owen

Eric Donald McIver, Royal Marines, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. McIver, of Bexhill, married Diana Owen at All Saints', Ennismore Gardens. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Owen, of 227, Ashley Gdns., S.W.1

Lee — Cox

At Chelsea Old Church, Desmond William Gerald Lee, son of Mr. and the late Mrs. W. S. Lee, of St. Margaret's Bay, Kent, married Thora Cox, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Horace Cox, of Roche Old Court, Winterslow, Wilts. The bridegroom's father was lately headmaster of Dover College



Bowen — Scott Williams

At Woolland Church, near Blandford, Dorset, the Rev. Harry Lawrence Bowen, Rector of Bix, Henley-on-Thames, married Edith Mary Williams, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Scott Williams, of Woolland House. The Rev. C. Mylrea officiated

Scott — Lockhart

It was a country wedding at Little Bealings, Suffolk, between Alastair Thame Scott, 1st P.W.O. Sikhs 12th Frontier Force Regiment, youngest son of Captain and Mrs. W. Scott, of Ardgowan House, Port Bannatyne, Bute, and Mary Mavora Lockhart, eldest daughter of Lieut.-Colonel R. M. M. Lockhart, M.C., 1st P.W.O. Sikhs, and Mrs. Lockhart

Colman — Braithwaite

The Rev. Thomas Rushton Colman married Priscilla Wordsworth Braithwaite, elder daughter of Canon and Mrs. H. M. Braithwaite, of 54, Hatherley Road, Cheltenham, at St. Stephen's, Cheltenham. He is the elder son of the late Dr. W. S. Colman and Mrs. Colman, of Crackanthorp, Farnham, Surrey

Brounlie — Jones

Captain Charles Anthony Brounlie, Royal West Kents, only son of the late George Brounlie and Mrs. Brounlie, of 87, Teddington Park Road, Teddington, and Rachael Gavin Jones, eldest daughter of Lt.-Col. A. G. Jones, of Letchworth, and Mrs. M. E. Jones, of 41, Gloucester Road, S.W.7, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

Metcalfe — Lucock

Lieut. (E.) Harold John Le Strange Metcalfe, R.N., H.M.S. Caledonian, son of the late H. W. Metcalfe, of Dunborough House, Geldeston, Norfolk, and Joan Margaret Lucock, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. M. Lucock, of Sidbrook House, near Taunton, were married at St. Augustine's, West Monckton, Somerset

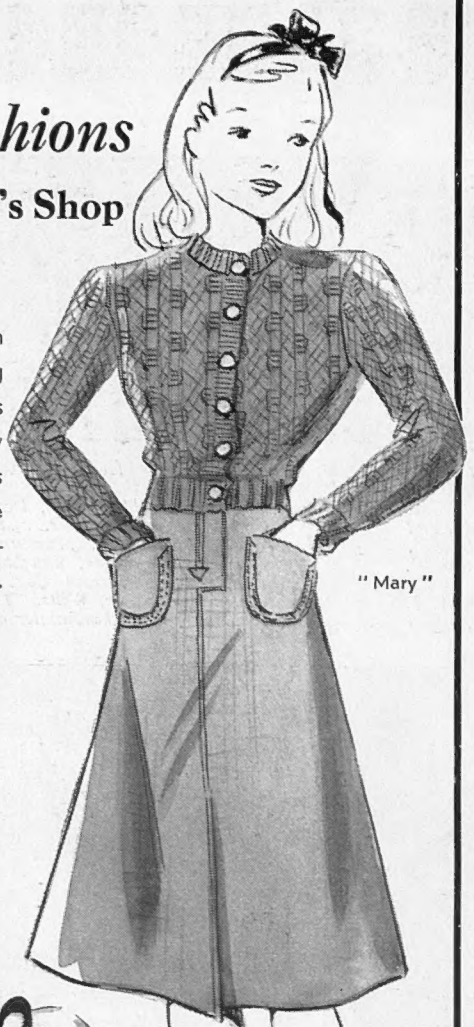
Ellis — Verdon-Roe

Dr. James Stokes Ellis, only son of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Ellis, of Merley Hall, King's Drive, Eastbourne, and Monica Verdon-Roe, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Verdon-Roe, of 12, King Charles Road, Surbiton, were married at St. Andrew's, Ham Common, Surrey

Autumn Fashions

From the Girl's Shop Fourth Floor.

In this shop the modern girl will find everything she wants. On problems of clothing we will gladly help you. It is sometimes rather difficult to make some girls look smart—but we seem to manage.



"Mary"

"Mary"

This is what chic little girls will wear; knitted **Lumber Jacket** *which can be worn as sweater or cardigan. In shades of lucerne, rose, rust, navy, persian blue or brown. Bust 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 ins.* **6/11**
Postage 3d. extra.

Well cut **Skirt** *from the waist, with two neat pockets. In new autumn wool Frieze in navy, sapphire, woodland brown or mahogany. All sizes. Sizes to fit ages 12 to 15 years* **12/11**

"Jill"

Charming little **Kiddies' Frock** *in soft woollen material. A very practical dress with neat waist belt and trim collar. In cherry, turquoise, saxe or navy. Sizes 26, 28 and 30 ins.*

12/11

In larger sizes, 32, 34 and 36 ins. - - **15/-**
Can be made in velveteen to order - - **20/**

Write for Catalogue

"Jill"

Swan & Edgar

PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.1

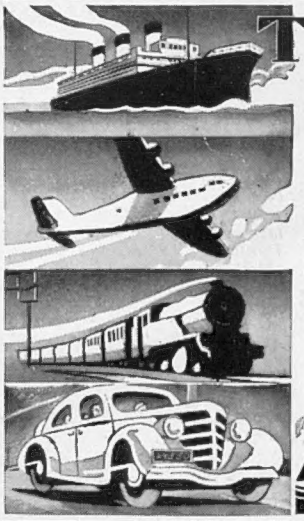
BY APPOINTMENT

Henry Heath Ltd

105/9 Oxford Street

172 New Bond St W.1. 456 Strand W.C.2

Model 9728. Fur felt with small coronet laced in front. In all fashionable colours, 21/9. Agencies everywhere. Write for illustrated catalogue.



Travel . . . BY SEA BY AIR, BY RAIL BY CAR

without fear of sickness

At last science has found and perfected a *reliable* antidote to travel sickness. One which is absolutely harmless and free from unpleasant after-effects. It can be taken by young and old without danger.

"Airsea" is now obtainable in two sizes: **4/-** and **7/6** from all chemists.

AIRSEA BRAND

Write for illustrated literature, press opinions, testimonials, etc., post free from the Distributors: THOS. CHRISTY & CO. LTD., 6–12, Old Swan Lane, E.C.4.

a brace of the best

GROUSE BRAND WHISKY

MATTHEW GLOAG & SON

PERTH SCOTLAND

Established 1800

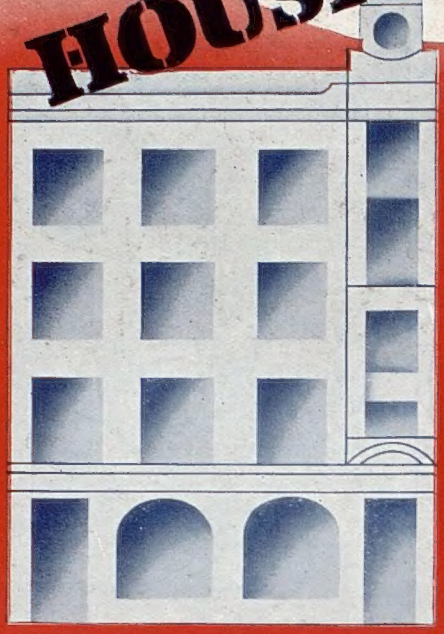
"Pretty curtains, Miss!"

"Yes, aren't they? I saw them advertised."

Lovers of beauty know that the smartest, best-looking, most trustworthy goods are goods they see advertised: for only first-rate merchandise can stand up to intensive publicity. The manufacturer who makes a public claim must be able to prove it. So—

ADVERTISED GOODS ARE THE GOODS TO BUY

STUART HOUSE



STANDS ALONE

There is only one STUART HOUSE. Like the Bank of England, it remains a monument of integrity with a world-wide fame. Its reputation depends upon the satisfaction of every client every day. When any one of more than ten thousand clients places a bet, it becomes a personal matter between him and "Duggie."

He is waiting to open a Credit Account with YOU.

Douglas Stuart Ltd

STUART HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON. W.C.2

"DUGGIE NEVER OWES"